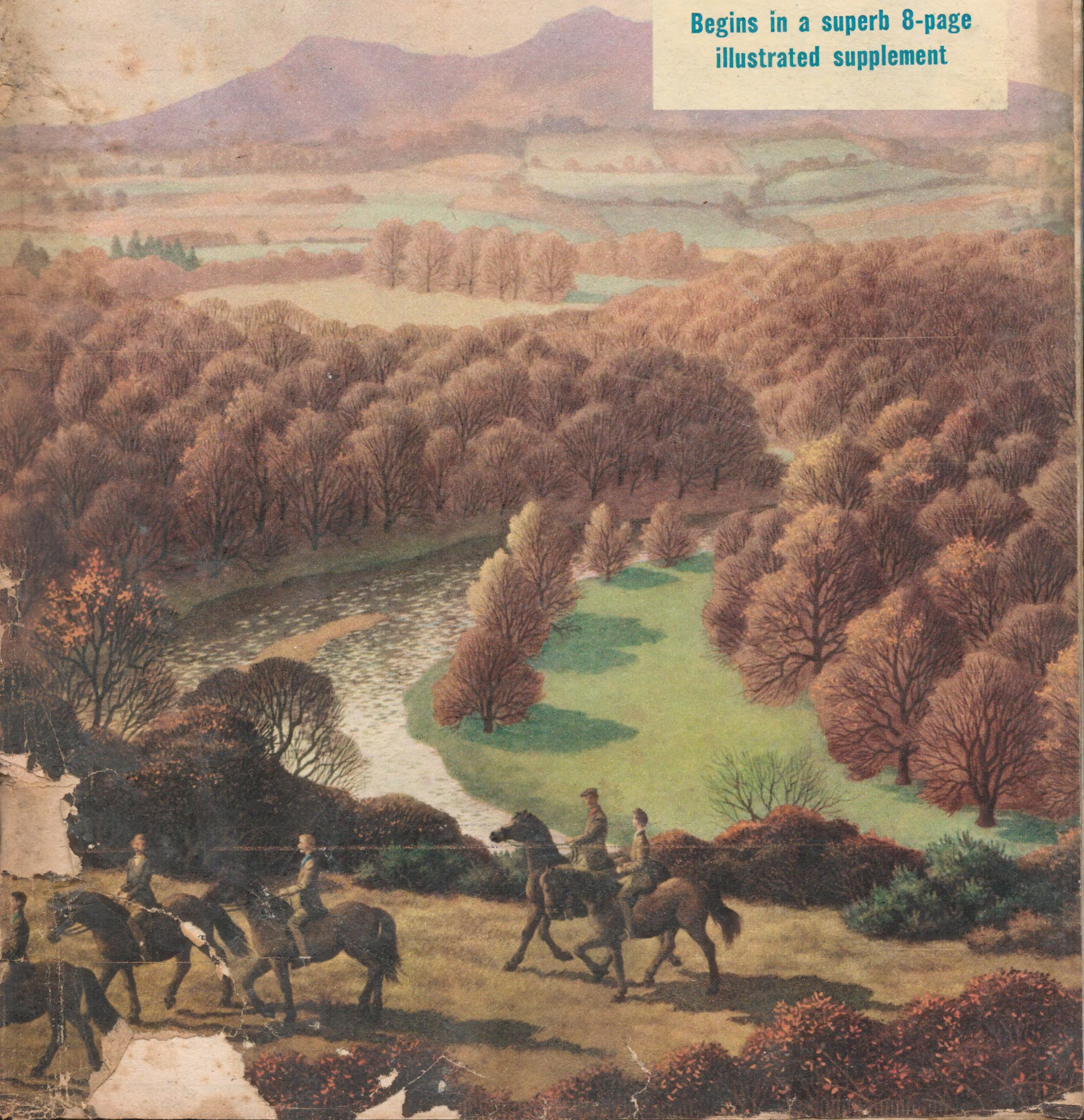
Week ending December 4 1954 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

THE LIFE OF JESUS

Begins in a superb 8-page illustrated supplement



Reproduced by kind permission of the J. Arthur Rank Organisation

"... Yes it's Margaret Lockwood, and you can take it from me I'm right behind this grand NEW SAVERS Campaign!"

LET'S HAVE A FULL HOUSE!

Now for the greatest-ever drive for NEW SAVERS! Help the Country *and* yourself to future prosperity by becoming one of the 2 million today. That way, you'll make this Campaign a real good show! You can find out how to become a New Saver from your Bank, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank, where full information will gladly be given to you.

You'll probably find in your factory, street, school or club, a Savings Group you can join. Whether you decide to join this Group, or start saving on your own, the Voluntary Worker who runs the Group will gladly give you helpful advice about the different methods of saving—Defence Bonds, National Savings Certificates, the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank.

STEP UP SAVERS

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.7

Mackintosh's
'Quality Street'
REGD

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., HALIFAX.

EDITORIAL

Short — and sharp

NOT many men who go to prison come out declaring that it ought to be made tougher. But that is the opinion of Anthony Heckstall-Smith, ex-naval officer who recently served twelve months of an eighteen-months sentence for fraud.

As a first offender who is also an intelligent observer, he says that he found Wormwood Scrubs and Maidstone Prison to be breeding grounds of crime. Now a free man again, he is a crusader for prison reform.

"The present practice of mixing together first offenders—old and young—with men who have served previous sentence is utterly pernicious," he says.

FIRST offenders, he thinks, should be entirely separated from others. "If this is impossible because prisons are overcrowded, then the sentences of first offenders should be reduced and, whenever possible, they should be placed on probation.

"But the first taste of prison for young offenders should be far less pleasant than it is. I am strongly in favour of sentences that are short and sharp."

MR. HECKSTALL-SMITH
First offender

Heckstall - Smith's ideas are being put into effect in a small, experimental way at two Detention Centres. These are for first offenders of from fourteen to twenty-one, who are committed for a minimum of three months.

There, under the sternest discipline and the most rigorous conditions, boys who have gone wrong are given a short, sharp lesson. From six in the morning until bedtime they are kept busy with digging, house-cleaning and laundry work. Periods of intensive P.T. are frequently introduced.

Discipline is never relaxed. Offenders against the strict rules are given extra fatigues, have to carry out their duties at the double, or are "sent to Coventry."

The first of these new-type prisons, at Kidlington in Oxfordshire, has been going for less than three years. But there is already evidence that young criminals are being cured.

OUR prisons cost us £7 million a year. A prisoner costs £4 18s. 5d. a week. A Borstal boy costs £6 19s. This is a lot to pay for a system with so many glaring faults.

Segregation of all first offenders, and strict discipline over shorter periods, would reduce overcrowding and help to cut down the spread of moral evil.

Anthony Heckstall-Smith's evidence should be a spur to apply these reforms more widely. Crime is an infectious disease. Why *encourage* it to spread?

ON OTHER PAGES

Fiction

THE TERROR DOWN BELOW	*by Charles Yerkow*	9
A TRIP TO BERLIN (Part 2)	*by Mollie M. Kaye*	12
FOUR MINUTES DEAD	*by J. B. Pick*	31

Non-Fiction

THE SCHOOL IN THE SADDLE	*by Joan Powe*	10
NEON SPELLS DANGER FOR ALFRED TATNELL	*by John May*	17
SHOOT FIRST (Part 5)	*by Ronnie Noble*	18
MASTER OF THE MOUNTAINS	*by Jack Atack*	29

Supplement

THE LIFE OF JESUS (Part 1)	*eight centre pages*

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6. THIS WEEK'S COVER: 6.
WHO'S WHO?: 35. CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT: 41.

There is no Substitute for Ovaltine Quality

DELICIOUS 'Ovaltine' provides the highest possible quality at the lowest possible price. No wonder it is the world's most popular food beverage!

- 'Ovaltine' differs from other food beverages in its scientific composition and in the proportions of its constituents. The vitamin content of 'Ovaltine' is also important.
- The 'Ovaltine' Farms and Laboratories, originally established to control the quality of the malt, milk and eggs used, are still the guide in purchasing supplies.
- Only world-wide demand and exceptional manufacturing resources make 'Ovaltine' quality possible at such a low price. *It pays to buy the best.*

The outstanding success and popularity of 'Ovaltine' have inevitably attracted imitations. But remember that imitations are not the same. Reject substitutes.

There is only ONE OVALTINE

The Vitamin-fortified Food Beverage

1/6, 2/6 *and* 4/6 *per tin.*

P953A

For a smoother future

give him an **Ever-Ready**

RAZOR SET

* **Give him a gift** he'll remember for years — the wonderful Streamline Ever-Ready Jewel Razor Set. He'll show you a smooth, clean face in gratitude every day. The set includes the one-piece chrome 'snap-action' razor and 6 Ever-Ready Corrux blades fitted in a strong ivoride case.

COMPLETE IN CASE

11/6

ALWAYS A WELCOME GIFT... AN **Ever-Ready**

RAZOR SET

EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LTD.

The present no one ever exchanges

Player's Please

[NCC 8778]

John Player & Sons, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

FREE SPEECH

We found a house—and a family

AFTER four years of fruitless hunting for a flat, my wife and I have solved our problem by joining forces with another young couple like ourselves.

Together we have rented a large house in the country—a fine place, but too big and costly for us to have taken on our own. It becomes extremely economical with two households contributing to the upkeep.

The scheme works well because, as my neighbour put it: "Our wives get on splendidly."

It has unexpected advantages, too. We always wanted a large family—young children need companionship. "But how can we afford to have two children close together?" my wife used to say. "Ours will be an only child for years."

But by sharing a house, we are also sharing a family. Our small son has a playmate of his own age—to say nothing of a big country garden to play in.—J. R. K., Lewes, Sussex.

Climb Down

IN his article about George Lane (JOHN BULL, November 6), Arthur Stanhope claims that Hillary and Tensing used "closed-circuit" oxygen apparatus on their final bid for the summit of Everest last year.

In fact, "closed-circuit" sets were taken by Bourdillon and his fellow climber Evans during the first and unsuccessful assault on the summit.

The sets worn by Hillary and Tensing when they reached the top were the older "open-circuit" type.—JOHN C. BENNETT, Lambridge Street, Bath.

Sir John Hunt's report on the Everest Expedition confirms this. Bourdillon, who supervised the expedition's oxygen sets, reported afterwards, however, that the "closed-circuit" sets—which he and his father developed—seemed best for climbing at rarefied levels of 21,000 feet and higher.

By Arrangement?

AFTER watching *What's My Line?* on TV for the first time, I felt that the game had a familiar look.

Then I recalled seeing youngsters playing it fifty years ago. A group of children stood on one side of the road; one child crossed towards them saying: "Here comes a man seeking work."

The group then replied: "Show your trade," and the child would mime the occupation he had in mind, for the others to guess.

You never see children playing these old games today—perhaps they're too busy watching TV.—J. DOBNEY, Winstanley Drive, Braunstone, Leicester.

The two men hated each other. Their malice smouldered; soon it would burst into violence, the moment it reached

FLASHPOINT

PATRICK DOLAN'S tense new story appears

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

Nice—For Police

DRIVING through France one December recently, my wife and I reached Nice just before Christmas.

Passing several policemen on point duty, we were startled to see that each had a small pile of Christmas-tree gifts on his little platform.

These, we learned, had been presented by the motorists—apparently a local custom at this time of year.

Not to be outdone, we hunted through our luggage for a suitable offering. All we could find was a new pair of bright-red golfing socks that were too small for my husband.

We presented them to the next

policeman, who was clearly delighted. Thereafter, whenever we passed that way, he blew his whistle loudly, modestly raised his trousers an inch or two to demonstrate his footwear, and smiled broadly.

Whether or not his wife washed his socks at night I don't know, but he was still wearing that pair when we left Nice ten days later.—H. R. H., Macclesfield, Cheshire.

Our photograph shows a policeman on traffic duty in Nice at Christmas, with his pile of gifts.

Faux Pas

MY elderly aunt has a flair for acid comment. When she comes to London I am continually begging her to lower her voice for fear of offending people.

She then continues her observations in French, on the theory that no one

in earshot understands that language.

Last summer I met her in Paris and we went to a theatre. During the interval she observed: "I can't imagine why the people beside me come to the theatre—they're not paying the slightest attention."

Urgently, I hushed her. In the middle of the next act she remarked loudly that the woman in front should remove her frightful hat.

Unfortunately, she said it in French.—A. J., Battersea, London, S.W.11.

Fare Play

I WAS very surprised to read the answer to Russell Scott's "Consider Your Verdict" in the case of the taxi driver (JOHN BULL, November 20).

I always tip taxi drivers, because on more than one occasion I have been abused for failing to do so.

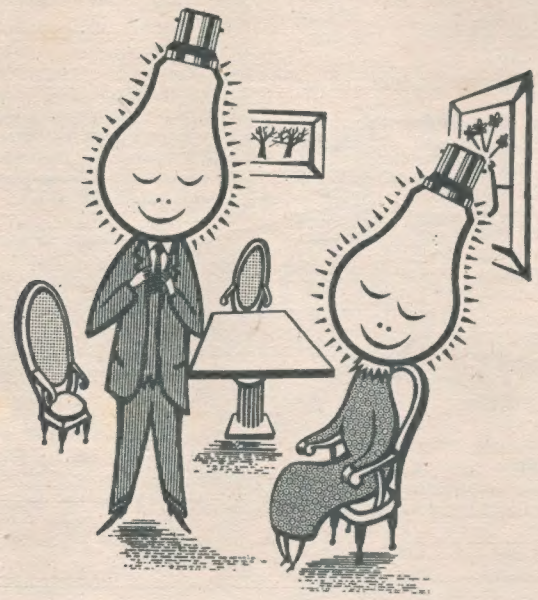
Now we are told that no taxi driver can demand a tip, and if he accepts anything above the correct fare, he is liable to be summoned. Is this really correct? — MRS. T. PAYNE, Northwood, Middlesex.

Russell Scott says that under the Town Police Clauses Act of 1847, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Every home looks more inviting

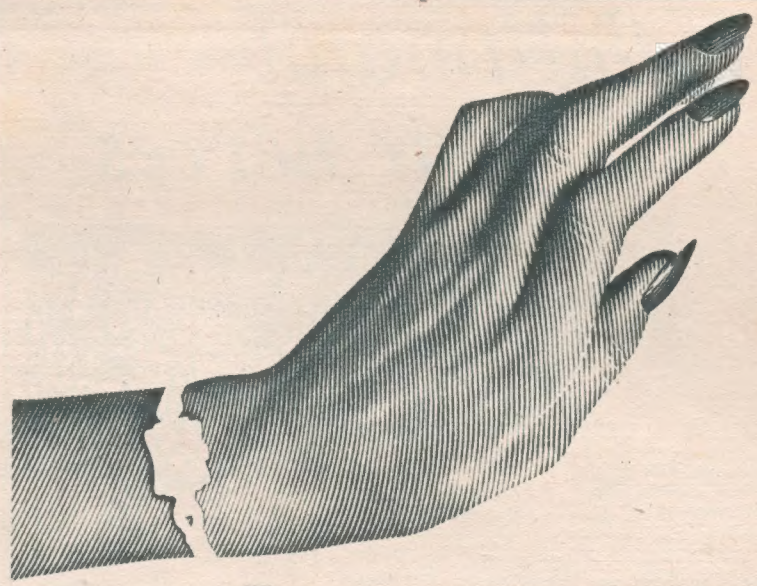
Thanks to Osram's gracious lighting!



Osram

THE WONDERFUL LAMP

A G.E.C. Product
The General Electric Co. Ltd. Also manufacturers of the famous Osram fluorescent tubes

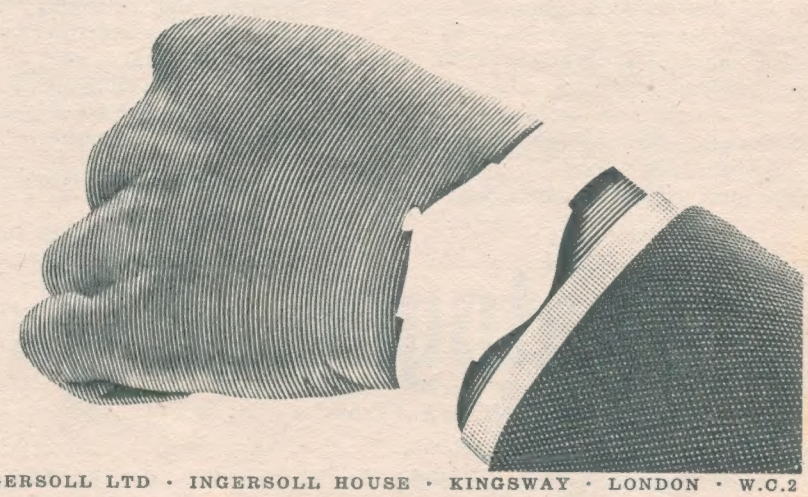


This is the forty-ninth Ingersoll Christmas—when thousands of wrists (and pockets) will welcome a brand-new Ingersoll watch. For that special wrist you have in mind there are Ingersoll ladies' watches from 85/- and Ingersoll men's wrist watches from 42/6—all jewelled for accuracy and long life. Sturdy pocket watches too, from 23/9d. Backed by the famous Ingersoll all-in free-service guarantee (mainspring included), there are over 100 models from 23/9 to £10.

Choose one at your Jewellers.

Someone's wrist is waiting for an

INGERSOLL



INGERSOLL LTD · INGERSOLL HOUSE · KINGSWAY · LONDON · W.C.2

IT'S **FUN** TO OWN A **HOHNER**

Ever thought of the *extra* pleasure you could pack into each day if you owned a Hohner? These famous harmonicas are the greatest possible entertainment in the smallest possible space. Easy to learn to play—no bother to carry about—only a few shillings to buy. That's a Hohner—*the* musical instrument for everyone. Get one today, and the *free* 5-minute tutor leaflet that goes with it.

Hohners cost only a few shillings at any music shop.

M. HOHNER LIMITED, LONDON

WILSON'S
Top Mill

1/- PER TIN

S.P. No. 1

SNUFF

J. & H. WILSON LTD.
SHEFFIELD

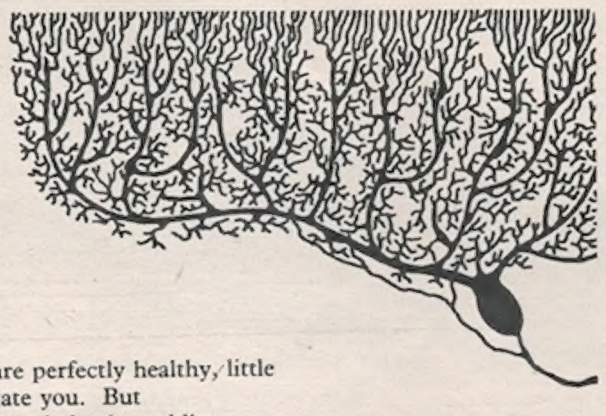
Victory-V

GUMS & LOZENGES
for cold journeys

The sweet with the inner glow

FRYER & CO. (NELSON) LTD. NELSON, LANCS

Irritability and your nerves



This detailed illustration shows the complex network into which a nerve fibre splits in the brain.

NORMALLY, if you are perfectly healthy, little things should not irritate you. But when your "nerves" start behaving oddly, even the sweetest natured person can turn irritable and bad-tempered. Probably you blame yourself. But the truth is that it is not you, but your nerves that are usually at fault.

How Sanatogen works

THE key points in the human nervous system are the nerve cells. If these cells do not receive enough protein and phosphorus they "starve", upsetting the entire nervous mechanism. To such cells Sanatogen feeds large amounts of concentrated protein, together with essential phosphorus. By activating nerve cells in this manner Sanatogen has a profound effect on the whole nervous structure, and helps to develop a normal, strong, stable nervous network.

Medically recommended

SANATOGEN is fully recommended by the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad. No other preparation gives you what Sanatogen contains, and clinical trials under medical supervision have shown that Sanatogen makes an extraordinary difference to one's health. You must try Sanatogen yourself.

For all forms of "nerves"

"NERVES" may take many forms — sleeplessness, depression, excessive worrying, irritability, lack of energy, continual tiredness, "run down" conditions, even indigestion. By building up your nervous strength Sanatogen helps you back to full health.

From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.

Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

The word 'Sanatogen' is a regd. trade mark of Genatosan Limited, Loughborough, Leics.

WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT

Who would suggest that a woman's life hasn't got its own problems, particularly those of her health?

That is why thousands of women are turning to Juno-Junipah. Juno-Junipah is different from ordinary salts. It contains not only valuable mineral salts but also pure oil of Juniper. And it is gentle. It clears away, without any drastic purging, impurities which help to make complexions muddy and to bring on Sick Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Aches in the Back, and Rheumatic troubles like Lumbago and Sciatica.

Just try Juno-Junipah! You'll be surprised how soon you begin to feel better and look better, too. Your aches and pains will be relieved, your complexion and looks will improve and you'll look and feel years younger.

Get some from any chemist today.

If you prefer, the Juno-Junipah formula has been adapted to make pleasant little tablets. Ask your chemist for them.

For warmth without weight see that your Raincoat is

TROPALINED

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

other relevant statutory provisions, it is clearly laid down that the driver of a hackney carriage—a taxi—has no right to demand any sum over the correct fare for a journey. A driver who accepts more than the correct fare is liable to prosecution.

Pub On Wheels

FOR me, the highlight of a recent trip to the U.S.A. was a visit to the new lounge car which the Chicago and North Western Railway are putting into service on their "City Of Denver" express train.

Named "The Pub," this carriage is patterned on a traditional British country tavern, with oak panelled walls, beamed ceiling, leaded glass windows and solid oak furniture.

A barmaid, dressed in a rather glamorous version of "Nell Gwynn" costume, completes this American tribute to the charm of our public houses.—J. WATT, Carnoustie, Angus, Scotland.

British Railways says that restaurant cars of this type—without the barmaid—were put into service here in 1949. Known as "Tavern Cars," they were much criticized on artistic grounds. With modifications to make the outside look more like a railway coach and less like a country inn, some are still in service.

Planted Out

I HAVE recently come back from Malta, and while I was there I noticed many unusual local customs.

Some of the shopkeepers fix a pair of animal's horns to the wall of the store—"to keep the Devil away," as they told me.

No gaily coloured Maltese fishing-boat is complete without a grotesque eye painted on its prow as a guard against evilly disposed water spirits.

The thing that I found most interesting is a custom of some of the farmers. On the farmhouse wall is fastened a stone bracket to hold a pot of the sweet basil plant. This shows that a marriageable daughter lives in the house—and several pots mean several daughters.

The custom is a great help to the local suitors. — MISS J. M. BILLS, Ness Road, Shoeburyness, Essex.

Inside Information

THE current series of break-outs from our prisons convinces me that, when men can escape in full view of shoppers and passers-by, something is radically wrong.

It has been reported that in one case an on-the-spot check showed that only one in four people questioned had any idea of what prison uniform looked like.

Undoubtedly, most of us still have a mental picture of the long obsolete broad-arrow suits.

One man, who did know what a prisoner looked like, said that an escaper could easily be mistaken for a painter. Surely prisoners should be dressed in a distinctive garb that the public can easily recognize.—JOHN MINSHULL, Astley, Manchester.

The Home Office says that present-day prison uniform consists of a grey woollen jacket and trousers, with waistcoat and grey cape in cold weather. Shoes or boots are worn and, out of doors, members of working parties wear blue drill dungarees with blue beret. The broad arrow uniform was abolished on March 14, 1924.

Chinese Puzzle

THE letter about the art of conversation ("Free Speech," November 13) recalled my experiences with the Chinese.

In my day, polite society in China took its conversation most seriously. At social gatherings, a topic was settled on, puzzled over, and discussed thoroughly and to the point.

To change the subject without notice was bad manners; when a change was felt to be necessary, at least ten minutes' warning was customary to allow the company time to adjust its ideas.

It may be coincidence, but women were never permitted to take part on these occasions.—J. G., Cheltenham.

Fighting Words

THIS summer, my daughter invited a German boy and girl to spend their holidays with her. They enjoyed their visit very much, and the other day they sent her some photographs that they had taken over here.

Over the back of one was written:

The purpose of their visit had been to improve their English.—A. E. REES, Ystalyfera, Swansea, Wales.

Safe Deposit

ONE of your readers is, I see, looking forward to the day when the banks offer free gift schemes to attract new customers ("Free Speech," November 6).

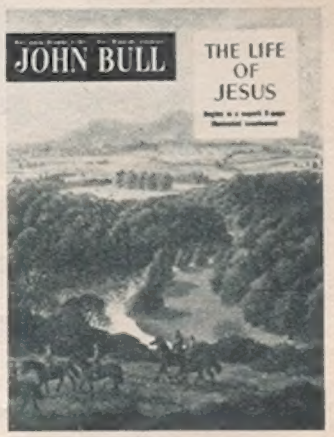
In New York last year I opened an account with five dollars—about 36s.—at the Lincoln Savings Bank.

I was offered the choice of a gift pen and pencil set or a powder compact. It appeared that the presents were in honour of the former President Abraham Lincoln's birthday, and the offer was open for a month. —A. MACLEOD, Greenock.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"BACK to nature" holidays with good comradeship are one way in which more and more people get out of the rut—away from noisy and impersonal city sprawls. They take to hiking, rock climbing, cave exploring, canoeing, camping and, recently, pony trekking. Started by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation in 1952, trekking has caught the imagination of thousands of people all over Britain. The Tweed Valley is one of the many stretches of countryside covered. Ronald Lampitt shows the river near Melrose, Roxburghshire. In the distance are the Eildon Hills, site of a Roman camp, a Druid burial ground and much Scottish lore.

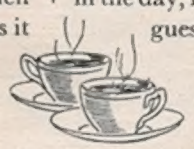


meadow-fresh milk...

concentrated to a creamy consistency

Regal is good for so many things:

'Regal' is fresh full-cream milk straight from England's finest dairy herds, evaporated to a creamy consistency and hermetically sealed for safety. It can be used straight from the tin or diluted for so many household purposes. Milk puddings are a delight when made with 'Regal'. Added to soups it brings out the flavour and increases the food value. Poured over breakfast cereals it makes a sustaining meal giving plenty for all the family. Use it with fruit (fresh, bottled or canned) and, neat or diluted, for tea, coffee and chocolate. With 'Regal' in the larder you will never be short of milk, however late in the day, however many unexpected guests arrive.



... now on sale everywhere

REGAL EVAPORATED

English full cream milk

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LIMITED · TROWBRIDGE · WILTS

A letter written on your own

PRINTED NOTEPAPER creates a good impression

Here's the greatest bargain ever offered to the British public. Quality and price unequalled and satisfaction guaranteed. Each elegant box contains 100 sheets of Bond notepaper, tastefully printed with your own address and 50 parchment envelopes.

Up to 5 line address allowed, but it must be sent to us in BLOCK CAPITAL LETTERS.

PRICE ONLY per box **8/6** POST FREE

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Delivery in 3 or 4 days. Cash must be sent with order.

A. DICKINSON (Printer) LTD. JB.I.
Castleton Road, PRESTON, Lancs.

H.M. PRISON SERVICE

MEN and WOMEN REQUIRED as PRISON OR BORSTAL OFFICERS

- **PAY:** MEN £7 17s. 6d. rising to £10 4s. WOMEN £6 16s. to £8 15s. 3d. per week.
- Free quarters or a rent allowance.
- Free Uniform (or allowance in lieu).
- Allowances for special jobs as Instructors, Tradesmen, Hospital Officers, Physical Training Instructors, etc.
- Security, promotion prospects and good pension (plus gratuity on retirement).
- Holidays with pay: MEN 18 days, WOMEN 21 days (plus 9 public holidays).
- Staff Canteen and recreational and social clubs at most stations.

QUALIFICATIONS: Good physique and character.

MEN: Candidates must be 5 ft. 7 in. in height. Age 21 to 42 (up to 44½ years in certain cases).

WOMEN: 5 ft. 3 in. (or near). Age 21 to 49½ years.

Women's stations are at: **Aylesbury, Birmingham, Cardiff, Durham, Exeter, London and Manchester.**

Send postcard for further details to:

Establishment Officer (G.I. 21), Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, LONDON, S.W.1

DIFFERENT...

for her, AERO—the milk chocolate that's different!

BY ROWNTREES

For a new experience in delightful full-cream milk chocolate that melts in your mouth in a moment.

Silken Sheen

has a winning way!

Compliments are fun; and there are even more exciting things in store for the girl whose hair has fascinating silken sheen!

You can make sure of silken sheen by using 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo. It washes gently, rinses away completely, leaves no dulling film to mask the glowing beauty of your hair. Because it is a 'Vaseline' Brand product, 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo is kind to your hair. Buy a packet today; use it tonight! Price 4½d.

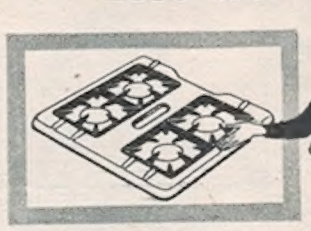
Vaseline* SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

Makes your hair clean—gives it silken sheen

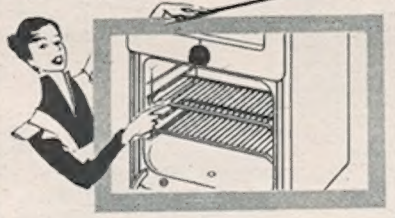
* 'Vaseline' is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

3863-2

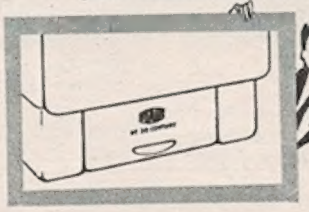
More meals to the therm
Less work to the week



Identical Twins *Burners are interchangeable. All four boil as fast or simmer as gently as you like.*



Inside *Family-size oven (round-cornered for cleaning) is lit from front. Mainstat heat control.*



Outside *Cream enamel, rounded corners. Plinth base to house baking tins. Gas pistol optional.*

Certainly the Main 'Century' saves effort, gas and time, and gives you wonderful cooking. But you can't pack all its advantages in a phrase or two because it's a mass of clever details. The only thing is to see it for yourself!

If you cook on gas you must have THE MAIN COOKERY BOOK. Over 750 recipes. Useful hints on gas cooking. 300 pages. 5/- post free from **Dept. J. B. R & A Main Ltd, 48 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1**

THE MAIN No. 20

CENTURY

GAS COOKER

Note the name made by MAIN

SEE IT AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

ANN TODD TO A "T"

"LOOK—SHE'S *me!*" said Ann.

And she might be . . .

But no marble could match the delicate glow of Ann's real-life complexion. It takes another kind of art to achieve that look—an art that Ann knows well, for of all the world's beauty soaps, she chooses the *whitest:* Lux Toilet Soap.

You see, the whiteness of Lux Toilet Soap is an outward sign of its inward purity. You're sure that here is heavenly mild and tender care for your own skin.

Trust your eyes—and trust to Lux Toilet Soap. Nine out of 10 film stars do.

"I love the fragrance of Lux Toilet Soap," says Ann Todd. You will, too, for it's light and feminine, yet lingering. Try the large, long-lasting size at 10½d. Also at 6d.

ANN TODD is to be seen in British Lion's film "The Green Scarf" and is appearing with the Old Vic Company during the current season.

9 out of 10 film stars use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

TL 1623-393

THE TERROR DOWN BELOW

by ***CHARLES YERKOW***

ILLUSTRATED BY NICKLESS

The shark was about to attack; he had no protection. He knew only that he must not panic

IT WAS CALLED Bad Water Place by the New Guinea natives. It was bad all right; the traders and pearlers of Darwin and Moresby knew that. But at the bottom of it, at this spot in the Arafura Sea, lay a fortune. You just had to go down and get it.

Steve Gregg scowled heavily over the side of the lugger. He scowled because he was afraid, and because he was ashamed of being afraid. And also because of Big Tork, the hulking Australian who was his fellow diver. Big Tork didn't seem to be afraid of anything. Steve thought there was going to be trouble about Big Tork.

Forward, the anchor went over with a splash, and the lugger swung easily in the current. Steve turned round to face the deck, where Komon, the dusky shell-opener and tender, was already laying out the air lines and other diving gear. And as he turned, he saw Big Tork come up from the cabin. He looked away, but Big Tork had seen him.

"Lookin' fer sharks, Steve?" There was derision in the harsh voice. The Australian strolled over, rolling a cigarette. "Don't blame you, fella," he said, and shrugged. "Take a good look around. This is Bad Water Place."

Old Happy, the skipper, paddled over. "Tork," he said evenly, "I told you to go easy with Steve."

The big Aussie grinned. "Just havin' a little fun, Happy. No harm." He walked aft, his broad shoulders squared high, a mocking attitude showing in every step. He glanced back once and smiled at the young diver.

Old Happy said, "It's only a front, Steve. Don't let him throw you." He started towards the air pumps, paused to remark, "I'm sending both of you down. All right?"

"All right with me," Steve said quietly.

He stood alone again by the rail. He tried to blank out of his mind the stories he had heard. . . .

The Dutchman from Broome had lost two divers, both to sharks. And the Englishman

Continued on page 37

Down swept the fish, closer this time, its gaping jaw and pig eyes a few feet from his face

While his daughter, Sybil, leads the string, Smith watches the younger riders. A stickler for safety, he has fifty children among his pupils

Perfection rules the school in the saddle

by JOAN POWE

Only the best will do for Horace Smith, the man who teaches Royalty to ride. He spends months training horses and pupils—and punishes both if they don't behave

A VETERAN RIDING INSTRUCTOR, Horace Smith, was surprised some time ago when a keen horsewoman who had gone blind asked him to find a way of teaching her to ride again. He told her to forget the idea, but soon her persistence won him over.

"I decided to experiment with braille reins," he says. Selecting a well-behaved roan mare, used by the Queen when she was Princess Elizabeth, Smith lifted his sightless pupil into the saddle. He made notches in the reins to help the woman to control the horse at walking, trotting, cantering and galloping paces, and later worked out a ribbed design which a leather merchant stitched on to the reins.

A few weeks later, after several try-outs, Smith piloted the woman outside the stables at Holyport, Berkshire. "We went for a six-mile run," he says. "The mare responded perfectly."

At seventy-six, Smith has a way with horses and riders that has given him an international reputation as an instructor. A tough, leathery champion with bright blue eyes and a commanding presence, he owns England's oldest riding stables and serves clients all over the world. The Shah of Persia is one of his customers. Film stars, steeplechase jockeys and people ambitious to hunt go to him for lessons, and he once taught an admiral to sit on horseback for the Coronation procession.

All the grandchildren of the late Queen Mary have been his pupils, and in 1948 he gave the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, a course of lessons in side-saddle riding for her first Trooping the Colour appearance. He did not allow her to use reins or stirrup irons until the fourth lesson, and demonstrated how she should master the sway from the hips without which side-saddle riding looks awkward.

Sometimes, Smith is faced with bizarre requests. He once gave a two-hour riding lesson to a soldier who had joined a cavalry regiment on the pretext that he could ride. Three years ago an American arrived at the stables and asked for a one-hour lesson that would enable him to win £50 in a rodeo—the qualification being that he should last a distance of ten yards on an unbroken pony. After the lesson, the young American congratulated Smith on choosing "a real wild pony" for the try-out. "I forbore to tell him that it was a horse booked for a four-year-old girl's lesson that afternoon."

Smith, who today has about fifty children from two and a half years old among his pupils, is a stickler for high standards of safety, but he also has a reputation for toughness as well as patience when dealing with clients. In the days when he arranged riding classes in Hyde Park, he once had a well-known actress among his pupils. As she rode past, he noticed that she was sitting side-saddle in a way that was causing a sore on the horse's flank. He signalled to her to stop, but she took no notice. At the end of the hour's run, Smith examined the horse.

"I had to put it up for sale," he says, "and it realized only a tenth of its value." He flatly refused to allow the actress to use any of his horses again.

For riding tuition work, which forms a large part of his business, Smith pays up to £900 a horse and travels to shows in England and Ireland, buying new animals. He looks for exceptional qualities of temperament and generosity in a horse, and is prepared to spend

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

years in breaking and training it. He rolls in the saddle, leans back, stands in the stirrups, dismounts awkwardly and carries out the characteristic movements of a novice rider until the horse is accustomed to inexperienced behaviour and can stand its ground.

Just as he bridles at inconsiderate treatment of a horse, however, Smith will take no chances on a doubtful one. Some time ago, one of his most valuable ponies suddenly rolled over as a riding party was returning to the stables, pinning a girl rider beneath it. "I freed her, made sure she was unharmed, then examined the pony," says Smith. "To my surprise, it seemed completely recovered." Later, a veterinary surgeon said that there was no cause for alarm. "It was a seizure that may never recur," he explained. Despite this assurance, Smith had the pony shot next day. "It was a heavy loss, but I could not risk its injuring a rider."

Car Chase To Halt Runaway

Smith, who frequently spends eight hours a day in the saddle, has himself been thrown dozens of times. He broke an elbow when a hunter rolled on top of him after being frightened by jet aircraft, and suffered concussion when a horse he was training took fright and bolted. On this last occasion, Smith saw his horse crash into another horse and rider and head for the village of Winkfield, Berkshire, out of control.

"I had no time to help the injured rider in the roadway," he recalls. "My one thought was to prevent further accidents." He started his car and raced ahead of the riderless horse in time to halt it at a narrow bridge.

According to Smith, discipline and perseverance will always get riding results, "provided neither horses nor pupils are driven beyond their limits." One pupil who had never been on a horse in her life began taking lessons with Smith when she was sixty-five. Secretary to a City business man, she turned up every day after work. After two years, she confided that she was getting married. Instead of cancelling her riding lessons, however, she went straight to the stables after her wedding and kept up the training for another year. "She became a Master of Foxhounds at the age of sixty-eight," says Smith.

Donkey Arrived By Taxi

As riding tuition is largely a seasonal occupation, some riding schools make the most of the summer by allowing parties of unsupervised riders to hire horses. Smith firmly refuses such hirings. His purpose is twofold. "I know my horses are well treated," he says, "and I have them available for instructional work requiring perfect training and co-operation."

Smith has great faith in the rewards of patience. After six months of painstaking supervision and coaching he had brought a nervous eight-year-old boy to a point where he cut a good figure on one of the highly trained ponies. The boy's mother, who belonged to an established hunting family, had almost despaired that her son would ever have the confidence to ride. Overjoyed, she took him riding on one of her own horses the following weekend—against Smith's advice. "The boy was so upset by an unruly mount that when he came back he had to be lifted into the saddle," says Smith.

Sixty years in the business have left Smith with a philosophical attitude which enables him to take the most unusual human behaviour in his stride. Some years ago, he was telephoned by a woman who had booked a lesson on one of his horses in Hyde Park. She had changed her plans, she said, and now wanted him to teach her to ride a donkey instead. Smith did not take the call seriously. When the woman turned up in the park in an old taxi, however, she had a donkey in the back seat.

"I had to help pull the donkey through the taxi door, where it had become wedged," says Smith. "After the lesson, I had to get it into the taxi again before I could leave." THE END

Exercises in the saddle help to give children confidence. Six months' work in teaching a nervous boy was once ruined in an afternoon: his mother took him riding on an unruly mount

At his stables, Smith schools a Shetland pony which has been bought for the grandsons of Haile Selassie. As Princess Elizabeth, the Queen had instruction from Smith in riding side-saddle

Tuition in all kinds of riding forms a large part of Smith's business. He has given lessons to a cavalry recruit who could not ride, and to an American who hoped to win £50 in a rodeo

The man spoke quickly and pressed a packet into Mrs. Marson's hands. Miranda watched them curiously. She could see they were frightened

A TRIP TO BERLIN

by ***MOLLIE M. KAYE***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Miranda was bewildered. What was Mrs. Marson frightened of? And what was she doing here, in the Soviet Zone, talking to this man?

THE STICKY RED PATCH on her dressing-gown was blood! Miranda Brand stared at it in horror. Blundering into the wrong compartment on the military train to Berlin, she had found Brigadier Brindley stabbed through the heart. . . .

At dinner that evening the brigadier had told a fascinating story about a Nazi agent, Willi Ridder, at whose Berlin home he had once stayed. Ridder and his wife disappeared in 1940 with a fortune in diamonds. Their servants, Herr and Frau Schumacher, had vanished, too. Later they had been found buried in quicklime behind the house—presumably killed by the Ridders to ensure secrecy.

Neither the Ridders nor the diamonds had been seen since; but in May, 1940, a refugee child had landed in England clutching a doll stuffed with Frau Ridder's own jewellery. It was a fantastic coincidence, because that child was Miranda! She still wore a swastika bracelet charm: all that she'd been allowed to keep.

The Ridders' house was a bombed ruin now. It was near the house allotted to Miranda's cousin, Major Robert Melville, and his wife, Stella. Miranda, a young fashion model, was travelling out with them to stay for a month's holiday.

Brindley's story had unsettled Miranda, reviving half-forgotten childhood memories. Unable to sleep, she had got up for a glass of water, wishing she'd accepted the sleeping pills the brigadier had offered round. And on her way back she had got into his compartment.

Still dazed by the shock of the discovery, she'd been closely questioned by a quiet young man called Simon Lang. He had wanted to know about everyone in that section of the train, even asking questions about the children: Lottie, the Melvilles' little daughter, who was sharing a compartment with Mademoiselle Beljame, her governess, and that young rascal of a boy, Wally Wilkins. . . .

Memories of the endless questioning whirled through Miranda's exhausted mind as she stood now in her room at the dreary Families' Hostel in Berlin. The uneasiness that had nagged her ever since leaving England was growing stronger, turning to fear. It had been a mistake to come here, to Berlin.

PART TWO

The Woman In The Lift

MIRANDA'S luggage had still not arrived, but the Melvilles had left a cake of soap and a bath towel in the bathroom adjoining their rooms. Miranda bathed, and then decided to go down to the lounge. She did not use the lift, but walked down by the stairs and, turning left at the first landing, found she had lost her way.

As she stood there, hesitating, she heard the lift come up from below and stop at the landing

Simon Lang caught her by the arm. He was looking serious. "Good afternoon, Miss Brand. I'd like to have a talk with you"

that she had just left. Someone began to talk swiftly and urgently in German. It was a woman speaking, a woman not far from tears. She was answered by a second voice, a sullen voice, louder and harsher; another woman.

"Not so loud!" begged the first voice, unexpectedly in English. There were footsteps on the stairs above the landing and Miranda heard one of the women gasp in alarm, and realized that she herself would seem to be eavesdropping. She turned and walked back on to the landing.

A dark-haired woman, hatless and wearing a wet raincoat, was standing with her back to Miranda, and a second woman was entering the lift. The steel gates clashed together and the lift sank out of sight as the woman in the raincoat turned on her heel and, brushing past Miranda, disappeared round the corner into the passage.

Miranda stood on the landing, frowning. Surely she must have been mistaken? She had only caught a glimpse of the woman who had entered the lift, but the colour and cut of the coat had been familiar. Major Marson's wife had worn a similar coat during the journey to Berlin. But that had been a German speaking. . . .

After lunch, Miranda's luggage arrived. Whoever had searched it had been very thorough, for nothing was as she left it. Miranda was still sorting things out when she was called down from her room. She ran down the stairs and, rounding a corner, ran full tilt into someone coming from the opposite direction. It was Simon Lang.

He was looking serious. He caught her arm and said: "Good afternoon, Miss Brand. I'd like to have a talk with you. Do you mind if we go along to the lounge?"

The lounge looked gloomy and inhospitable in the grey light of the wet afternoon. It was empty; the whole hostel appeared to be deserted.

Simon Lang selected the two chairs farthest from the door and offered Miranda a cigarette. He lit it for her, and she sat back in her chair and said, uncertainly: "Why do you want to see me? Who are you?"

"The officer commanding 89 Section Berlin, if that means anything to you. This murder is my pidgin. Now, I want you to tell me again exactly what happened last night."

Miranda went through it again. When she had finished he said: "You say that you felt nervous and on edge the first time that you went out into the corridor. Are you sure that nothing had frightened you?"

"Quite sure. That's what made it all so silly. Anyway, it wasn't just on the train. I'd been feeling a bit uneasy all day."

"All day? From when? Try to think back. Or did you wake up feeling like that?"

Miranda considered the question. "I don't think so," she said at last. "I felt fine when I went off to meet Stella and Robert at Liverpool Street Station. It was only later on that there seemed to be a sort of queer feeling about things. Why, is it important?"

"Perhaps it isn't. It merely struck me as interesting that you should have felt uneasy before you had any reason to do so. Was there nothing, at any time, that seemed unusual?"

SHE shook her head emphatically. She had no intention of telling him of the looks she had surprised on the faces of Sally Page and Mrs. Leslie on the previous evening. Sally's melting look of adoration directed at Robert, and Mrs. Leslie's cold stare of hate at Stella.

"I expect it's Germany," she said. "Coming back here, I mean. You see, I used to live in Germany when I was a child. My father had a job here, and when the war came we moved over into Belgium. Then Belgium was attacked, my parents were killed and I got over to England with a batch of refugees. I thought I'd forgotten about it—or very nearly. But coming back here seems to have stirred it all up again. And then, of course, there was that impossible coincidence of the brigadier's story."

"What story was that?" Simon Lang's voice was deceptively mild, but his eyes were suddenly bright and intent.

Miranda repeated the story that the brigadier had told on the previous evening and her own connection with it.

Simon Lang did not appear unduly interested

in the story, but he asked a great many questions about how everyone was seated at table and their movements for the rest of the evening.

"Why do you want to know all this?" Miranda asked. "Is it—was it one of us?"

"Yes." The monosyllable was quiet and uncompromising. "He was killed with a knife that had been taken off the reception desk at the hostel at Bad Oeynhausen. It had been used as a paper knife and for sharpening pencils. It could only have been taken by one of the people who had used the Families' Hostel. And that rules out everyone except the people you have mentioned."

"But—but one of the Germans—a waiter at the hostel—one of the staff could have taken it."

"None of them were on the train."

"But they could have given it to someone! The attendant. . . ."

"The attendant was with a sick man in the next coach at the time the murder was committed; and five people can prove it."

Miranda said: "How do you know when it was committed?" and her voice wavered a little.

"Blood," said Simon Lang. The single, softly spoken word sounded horribly loud in the quiet room. "It clots and dries very quickly. There was a wet stain on your dressing-gown and your shoes were soaked with it. He cannot have been killed more than ten to fifteen minutes at the most before you entered his compartment.

"Another thing: he had taken two capsules of a particularly effective sleeping powder; and we can take it the murderer was aware of the fact. The weapon was exceedingly sharp and had a double edge and a point like a needle. Whoever used it walked calmly into the brigadier's compartment, either turned on the small reading lamp or used a torch or a cigarette lighter, drew down the blankets and stabbed the knife home to the hilt. A child could have done it. However, I think we can safely count young Wally Wilkin out, which leaves us with eleven suspects. Two Marsons, two Melvilles, two Pages, two Leslies, Mademoiselle Beljame, Mrs. Wilkin—and Miss Miranda Brand."

THERE was silence. He said, after a moment: "Whoever killed Brigadier Brindley either wore gloves or wrapped the handle of the knife in a handkerchief. We haven't found anything among the luggage that shows signs of having had bloodstains on it. But the chances are that whoever killed him got some blood on their hands if nowhere else."

"But I had blood on my hands," said Miranda, her voice a whisper. "I rubbed my hand over the mark on my dressing-gown. That was how I saw what it was."

"I know," said Simon Lang, quietly. He reached out and took both her cold hands in his. "Don't let it worry you. You'll be quite safe as long as you stick to the truth."

"I've told you the truth," said Miranda, shakily.

"I believe you have—with reservations."

There were voices in the hall. He released her hands, glanced at his watch and stood up.

"Well, that's about all for the moment. Thank you for bearing with me so well."

He smiled down at her, a slow smile that transformed him into an entirely different and very likeable person.

The next moment the lounge was full of people and Simon Lang had gone.

Miranda went out on to the landing and found Wally Wilkin and Charlotte playing in the lift.

"Mummy's back," said Charlotte. "She came back a long time ago. Hours 'n hours."

"Oh. Well I'd better go and find her."

Stella was in her bedroom. She had lost all

As Miranda walked forward, Colonel Leslie grasped her arm. "Don't go in," he said. "It isn't safe. It might collapse at any time"

Miranda leaped up, fighting hysteria. She was sure now: someone was watching her

trace of weariness and her manner was almost feverishly gay. A brilliant colour burned in her cheeks and her eyes were overbright.

"Hallo, Miranda darling. *What* a day! I hear you've been spending the afternoon being third-degreed by the police? They were around asking endless questions half the morning. They had a session with Mademoiselle, too, and another with Lottie. The cook can't speak any English and Robert's batman is in hospital with jaundice and won't be out for another week. Where is Robert? I haven't seen him all day. Harry Marson brought me back. Let's send for a bottle of champagne, Randa. I feel we should do something to celebrate our first, gay, glorious day in Berlin!"

Her laugh held a note of hysteria, and Miranda said: "What you need is a cup of tea and some aspirin! We'll try the champagne later. Let's see what happens if we press a bell; or do you suppose one can only get tea in the lounge?"

Miranda did not return to her own room until well after six o'clock. Sally Page had suggested that they should all go over to the Officers' Club for dinner, and Stella had enthusiastically seconded the idea and gone upstairs to change and say good night to Lottie.

Miranda turned on her bedroom light and drew the curtains over the rain-spattered windows.

The room looked much the same as when she had left it, but for one difference. Someone had visited it in her absence. Shoes, stockings, underwear and toilet articles were inextricably mingled. The drawers of the dressing-table had been opened, and even the bed was rumpled.

So that's why he wanted me to go down to the lounge, thought Miranda. So that someone could go through my things again. What did they think they might have missed? Something that I might have had on me? A handkerchief or glove with stains on it? *"Whoever killed him got some blood on their hands,"* he had said. But there was only one person who had had blood on their hands: Miranda Brand.

Miranda began to take off her coat and skirt with stiff, unsteady fingers. As she dressed for the club, and all through the evening, a mocking little rhyme seemed to beat in her brain. *Miranda Brand had blood on her hand. . . . Miranda Brand had blood on her hand. . . . Miranda Brand. . . .*

ROBERT drove them out to the house next morning. It was comfortable, though sparsely furnished, and not without charm. A white painted staircase led up from a wide hall to a narrow landing that ran round three sides of the stair-well. There were four bedrooms, a large drawing-room and a smaller dining-room fronting on half an acre of garden.

As Stella was showing Miranda round the house, a woman wearing a gaily coloured apron passed them, carrying a pile of clean linen.

Miranda caught at Stella's arm. "Who's that?"

"That's Friedel."

"Madam?" The woman turned, thinking she had been addressed.

"Es ist nichts, Friedel." Stella waved a hand in dismissal. "What is it, Randa? What's the matter?"

"I've seen that woman before. She was at the hostel yesterday."

"Was she? Probably collecting her papers or a reference or something. She used to work there once. Now I'm going to leave you to your unpacking and go and wrestle with the cook. What's the Deutsch for 'braised'?"

Stella ran down the stairs to the hall, but Miranda stood gazing into space.

Later on, in the afternoon, Stella, who was lining her dressing-table drawers with paper, looked up to ask Miranda if she would telephone Robert and remind him to bring back ration cards for them. There was a telephone extension on the bedside table and Miranda, who had been lying on Stella's bed reading a magazine, reached out and idly lifted the receiver.

Someone was talking on the other end of the line. A quiet, low voice speaking in German. The girl at the exchange, thought Miranda, turning a page of the magazine and waiting for the voice to ask what number she wanted.

SUDDENLY, the voice changed to a mixture of German and English: "Speak then in English! *Ist mir sehr angenehm.* I must meet with you this night. If you come not, I come myself upstairs to your house, and that will make trouble for you! . . ."

"Nein, danke! . . . wie du willst. . . . By the third house then, where the light is not. . . . *Das ist gut!"*

Miranda broke into the conversation firmly: "Exchange?"

There was a gasp at the other end of the line, a sudden click as a receiver was replaced, and silence.

"Exchange!" repeated Miranda impatiently.

Stella looked up from cutting lengths of paper and said: "Don't be silly, darling. It's a dial phone."

"But someone was speaking in German."

"I expect you got a crossed line or something. Robert's number is at the top of that pad."

Miranda reached out and dialled a number, but with no result.

"It's not working," she said. "I can't get a sound out of it."

"What an idiot I am!" said Stella, dropping the scissors and standing up. "This is only an extension; it won't work unless you switch it up here from the hall. Don't bother, I'll run down and put in a call from the one downstairs."

She left the room, and Miranda sat looking thoughtfully at the phone.

The downstairs telephone. Of course, that was it. She had been listening to the conversation of some person in the house, and that person could only be the woman Friedel, for the cook spoke no English.

Who had Friedel been talking to in that half-whispered, threatening voice? She could not get it out of her mind all evening.

Robert rang up from the office the next morning to say that he could get three seats for a bus tour of Berlin on the following day and would they like to go? Shortly after this, Mrs. Leslie made an unexpected appearance and offered to take them to see the shops. Stella would not go as she wanted to oversee the hanging of the curtains she had just unpacked, but Miranda accepted.

Mrs. Leslie parked the car in the Kurfurstendamm, not far from the fantastic ruin of the Kaiser Wilhelm memorial church, and Miranda followed her across the busy street. As they walked, Mrs. Leslie steered the conversation persistently on to the subject of the Melvilles.

It seemed she had known Robert for many years. They had played together as children and the families had only lost touch when Robert's father had sold his house on his wife's death in 1935.

Norah Leslie had been in India then, newly

Continued on page 41

Father Christmases,
or Fathers,
or Grandfathers —
in fact, everyone deserves a
treat at Christmas and what
could be more delicious
than Chivers Jellies

CHIVERS
Jellies

contain *REAL* fruit juice

Chivers & Sons Ltd., Farmers, Fruit Growers and Jelly Manufacturers, Histon, Cambridge and Montrose.

There is no way of doing justice in words to the pleasure of MURRAYMINTS. Do try them for yourself. You'll find them absolutely fascinating. They're hard, with a creamy smoothness, and they have a delicate hint of mint that's most refreshing. MURRAYMINTS last a wonderfully long time! They cost only 8d. a quarter.

-with a delicious hint of mint!

Neon spells danger for Alfred Tatnell

by JOHN MAY

To fix up the bright lights, he runs the gauntlet of falling bricks, electric shocks and high winds. He spent six weeks erecting the biggest sign in Piccadilly—and forgot to switch it off

CONNECTING THE NEON LIGHTS over the entrance to a new cinema that was about to open in a Hertfordshire town, Alfred Tatnell, an electrician, crawled through a small hole that had been left in a wall beside the stairs. By the light of a candle, he worked for nearly an hour. Then, blowing out the candle, he squirmed round on his stomach and groped in the darkness for the way out. He found only solid wall.

While he had been working, a bricklayer had bricked up the hole.

Tatnell turned again. He lost his sense of direction. Then his searching hands found some metal panelling. He hammered on it with his fists and shouted. Eventually, another electrician heard him, tore down the bricks and helped him out. "For a moment," Tatnell recalls, "I felt the fear of death."

Tatnell, who was once left hanging by his hands from a neon letter thirty feet above a street, accepts as a hazard of his job the fact that "they always want neon in the most awkward places."

Takes Risks For £12 A Week

A hustling, rapid-speaking cockney of thirty-seven, he is one of 120 neon mechanics employed by Claude-General Neon Lights, Ltd., to erect and maintain electric signs and lighting. With overtime, they earn up to £12 a week.

In eighteen years with the firm, Tatnell has installed neon and fluorescent tubing in Britain and on the Continent, on water towers and aircraft beacons, in an underground station, in ships and under an aeroplane's wings, as well as on theatres, factories, hotels and office blocks.

Since a Frenchman named Georges Claude produced the first neon tube in 1910, neon has become the name for all signs in which an electric current passes luminously through a gas-filled tube. The gases used are rare ones that make up a few millionths of the atmosphere. Neon glows red, argon blue and helium yellow. In the early days, all the signs were filled with neon. Today, combinations of the three gases, tinted glass and glass tubes with internal fluorescent coatings produce a wide range of colours.

"We work with fourteen shades," says one of the firm's factory technicians. "Five reds, three blues, three greens, two whites and a yellow."

Neon signs run at voltages of up to five

Continued on page 45

Tatnell does much of his work in Piccadilly Circus, centre of London's "golden mile." Here, neon signs cost nearly £250,000 a year to run

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

SHOOT FIRST! (5) *The adventures of TV cameraman Ronnie Noble*

I search a phantom city for Korea's lost children

Victims of neglect and war, Seoul's orphan gangs had learned to survive on their own. Now they distrusted authority. When the relief teams came, the children took to the sewers and ruins

THE KOREAN WAR was my first assignment as a cameraman of the B.B.C. Television Newsreel. I flew out from England in the spring of 1951 and within a week I was in Seoul, the capital. One incident in that journey stands out in my mind. It happened when we were about to take off from Japan for Taegu in an American aircraft. There were forty of us in the plane. On my left was a Greek general, opposite him two American colonels, to the right a Negro private—a mixed bag right down to the tailplane.

Everyone seemed to be chewing gum, including the steward, an American corporal who carried a pistol in a shoulder holster. He was, I remember, a most cheerful man. He stood with legs apart at the rear end of the plane and glared at us, took three rapid chews, then spoke.

"Give me your attention. I've done my best to make you guys comfortable. If you ain't comfortable now, then I'm sorry. Now, I don't want anyone to move during take-off or touchdown because . . . well, I just don't want you to move. You'll find safety belts behind you. Please fasten them."

We fastened our belts. The corporal took three more chews. "Now, I'll demonstrate your Mae West. It goes on like this. Not too tight under here. The water tightens them up, and that ain't comfortable—you want to be able to swim. Now test these little valves. Often they don't work, see? And you go straight down. Don't inflate the Mae West until you hit the water—or you'll break your neck."

"Look To Your Safety Belts!"

He paused to let this information sink in, chewed some more and then went on: "This little roll is a weather protection suit. Put it on before we crash and it will keep you warm for a minute or two before you drown. This here is the escape hatch. Sometimes it jams and you can't get out, see? So try one of the others by the wings. The life-rafts are up there; they are supposed to float, but we don't guarantee anything. Okay, that's all. Look to your safety belts—and I've known them to tear away in a crash!"

For all that, we landed safely in Taegu six hours later and, soon after, I made my way to Seoul. In the public relations billet I met Rene Cutforth of Radio Newsreel and other correspondents. They lived in a Japanese-style house which had been ruined by careless vandals. Army boots had smashed the bamboo shutters, steel toe-caps had gouged deep channels into the cherry-wood floor. What had once been a pretty Eastern-style house was now a shambles.

"This is nothing," said one. "You should see the rest of Seoul. Complete destruction, and all unnecessary. By the way, the British 29th Brigade are coming across the River Han this afternoon, and passing through Seoul on their way to the front. Might make some shots for you."

I borrowed a jeep and drove down the strange roads to find the pontoon bridge across the Han river. All other bridges into the capital were destroyed. I watched the British convoys approaching the pontoons, then slowly clatter their way across the river, and as I made shots of the vehicles approaching I felt an inward thrill. This was my first story in Korea and the beginning of a new phase of war reporting for me. Films I shot today would be seen inside British homes in a few days' time.

As a Centurion tank passed the camera I panned from it to a close-up of a signboard which said: "You Are Entering Seoul." I held the camera on the notice for fifteen seconds, then

"For an hour the old man queued. When the food came, he ate as fast as his toothless jaws would allow. Then he went to queue for more"

wondered how to go on with the story. I could follow the troops up to the front line, or I could go on from the notice. Having told the viewers that they were "entering Seoul," I could try to show them just what that city was like. So I drove away from the 29th Independent Infantry Brigade to explore the town. The war could wait. It would still be there tomorrow and many tomorrows after that.

The town of ruins was silent. It was as London might have been in 1940 if, as a result of Nazi bombing, it had been evacuated. A capital city with no inhabitants. I let my jeep drive me. It seemed to know where to go; it had an instinct of its own. It steered me into a narrow street, then the engine cut out.

I'm not psychic and I am too insensitive to have leanings towards spirits, ghosts and the like, but as I sat at the wheel feeling the silence close in around me, I knew that I was being watched. Quickly I looked around, turning my head suddenly in this direction and then in that, hoping to catch sight of movement. There was none. Above the silence I heard the roar of an engine as it revved up, and then its sound died away.

Behind The Wooden Shutter

I wound the camera and made a shot of the silence. I was getting a feeling for the story now. It was taking shape in my mind. What had happened to the people of this city? Where were they living now, and how were they living? My mind was jumbled full of intangible ideas as I wound the camera springs, but already I was making the decision to film the Koreans, their problems and their way of life, as well as the activities of the United Nations troops.

Suddenly I saw a movement behind a wooden shutter. I put down the camera and ran towards it, pulled it outwards and looked into a yellow wrinkled face. He must have been very old—perhaps ninety. His straggly grey-white beard, thin and sparse, hung miserably down to his thin chest. Not by a blink or movement did he acknowledge my presence. He sat perfectly still, looking, it seemed, straight through me. I saw immediately that he was blind.

I spoke to him in English. He did not reply. I looked in his eyes. They were wet, and small tears were flowing down his mahogany face. I spoke again. Still he remained motionless. I went to the jeep and found some tinned rations, and placed them beside him. Then instinctively I closed the shutter. It was like closing the door of life on a living idol. Who was he? Why had he been left behind? Had he preferred death and starvation in his own home to the dangers of evacuation? Had he sat in that window for minutes, hours, days or weeks?

A thin white cat streaked from a doorway and

"As the rounded-up waifs entered the orphanage, I ran ahead to film their expressions," writes Noble. "The biggest boy—the most difficult to capture—watched with suspicion. Little Miss Pak stood emotionless. On her back, the baby she had 'adopted' on her long march south began to grizzle"

shot across the rough earth road, looked around once with crazy hungry eyes, then hopped over a window sill and vanished amid the ruins of another house. I made close-ups of doors, streets, pots, ruins, empty shops, window frames. By a series of completely static shots I began to build up the atmosphere of deserted Seoul.

A huge stone carving stood in a stonemason's yard. It was a Korean god. I made a shot of the opaque eyes staring at the camera, then climbed up beside him and made a shot from that angle to see the god's eye view. He looked down at a broken Japanese doll. It lay in the gutter. Dropped by a child as she left her home on the road south? I wondered if I could put this loneliness into pictures. Could people sitting in the comfort of their British homes feel any of this when they saw it on their twelve-inch screens? Never had silence affected me so. Suddenly I began to panic. I wanted to hear an English voice—or any voice for that matter.

I jumped into the jeep and pressed the starter. I drove off as fast as possible, the scream of the jeep's engine racking through my head. It seemed crazy to be lost, but lost I was. I drove through fifty streets trying to find a place that I recognized, and they were all deserted. The feeling of unreality bothered me. A week before, I was in my home in London, and now I was on the other side of the world, lost in a deserted city inhabited by one blind Korean.

I was driving too fast, like an ant near to exhaustion, when suddenly I rounded a bend and saw a woman and child sitting in the middle of the road. They were hauling up water from an open sewer. I expected them to run as I approached with the camera, but the little girl smiled, her grimy face splitting into a radiant grin, and suddenly all my fear was gone. I gave her some biscuits, and sat with her for a while before making shots of her and her bomb-happy mother, whose eyes had the same shell-shocked look as those of the blind man.

A few minutes later I found the way back to the press billet. I'd been away only two hours, yet I felt as though I'd just returned from a lifetime dream. Korea was a little unreal from the very start and, somehow, it never changed.

Build-up On The Front

Next day I went up front and camped at the headquarters of the British 29th Independent Infantry Brigade. During the next days I paid my respects to Brigadier Tom Brodie and made myself known to the local commanders. That's about the first requirement of a correspondent. Get yourself known—then get yourself trusted.

One day, shortly after I had settled in, Captain "Beetle" Williams, the brigade's information officer, called the correspondents together for a briefing. "The Chinese are building up on the front," he said. "Something's going on, and it looks fishy." His tent was full of correspondents all trying to get to the bottom of the Chinese "build-up" rumours that had been circulating. Williams took down his map and with a thick red pencil crayoned in a line. It crossed the Imjin River into no-man's-land.

"The Glosters are making a patrol in strength tomorrow at dawn," he told us. "Our Intelligence reports heavy movement towards that area—but our forward observation posts have seen no enemy."

We drove up the narrow road towards the Glosters' four-mile front, which was held by six hundred men. They were not very thick on the ground. Last-minute preparations were going on as we arrived, so we camped and waited for the first morning light, when the tanks would move forward.

At dawn, the Glosters approached the river. The Centurion tanks were ahead; already they had forded the shallow crossing, and were fanning out into no-man's-land. I made shots of the Glosters as they marched through the paddy fields. They were gay, and so high was their morale that it was difficult to think of the patrol as anything other than an exercise.

Across the river they too fanned out, and marched towards where the Chinese should be. I filmed them penetrating up to eight miles; all they saw were paddy fields. There was not a sign of the enemy. Only the dwarf azaleas gave colour to the drab plain—the troops themselves merged into the countryside and, soon, even they were difficult to find. All day long they marched, but it was clear even early in the day that there would be no action.

A Centurion tank rumbled back towards the Imjin, and I hitch-hiked back to the jeep. From there, an hour's drive to the press camp, where I wrote my patrol story for London. My report —and I'll never forget a word of it—read: "Another uneventful patrol in force took place on

A child's hands stretch up for food at a United Nations field kitchen. "In filming the plight of Korea's children," writes Noble, "I felt I was able to help in this catastrophic conflict"

the Korean front today, when men of the Glosters, supported by thirty Centurion tanks, patrolled through eight miles of no-man's-land. There was not an enemy soldier in sight. All reports of a Chinese build-up on the British front have today been proved false."

Never had I been more wrong. The Chinese were such masters of camouflage and infiltration that they were sprung, ready to pounce, only a mile or so from the area where the Glosters patrolled. On our flanks the Royal Ulster Rifles and the Belgians also went on patrol. They too reported no enemy.

So it seemed safe to leave the front for a while and concentrate on other stories. There were two from which to choose. The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers were celebrating St. George's Day, and were having special roses flown in from Japan. On the other hand, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were leaving Korea on their way home, and were embarking at Inchon on the west coast of Korea. They had an exceptional battle record, having been in the fight from the beginning, so I decided to make a story on their departure.

That decision lost me one of the biggest stories of the war. For as I left for Inchon, ahead of the Argylls, the Chinese attacked the 29th Brigade positions.

A Dash For The Front

At Inchon we picnicked at the port, awaiting the Argylls, oblivious of the battle up front. They were late, but then the army was always late, we told each other. Still they did not come. Some hours later we realized that something was wrong, and dashed for the front. Once through Seoul, long convoys were coming head-on. They were moving too fast. Even there, fifty miles from the front, one could smell disaster. Hours later we arrived at H.Q. just in time to see the press camp being pulled down.

"We're moving back," said Major Laister. "H.Q. want the road clear of all non-essential traffic. There's a hell of a battle going on up there. Brigade headquarters has been shelled."

Above, the American Sabre jets with napalm tanks were streaking across the hill-tops. Twenty-five pounder guns were shooting from positions behind the hill. The dry stinging smell of hot cordite filled the air. It was the smell of battle. No patrol in force, no clash of forward elements, but a full-scale attack. I remembered Peking's radio boast of a few days earlier: "We will drive the United Nations back down the peninsular and recapture Seoul by May Day."

Battle That Made History

And, without the great stand of the British troops, there is no doubt at all that they would have succeeded. The story of Gloster Hill has been told, and will be told down through the centuries. But the importance and the full value of that stand is often forgotten in the story of the battle itself. Without it, the United Nations Army might have been pushed back as far south as they had been at an earlier part of the Korean war. Without doubt, there would have been no peace talks, for the Communists do not negotiate when they are on top.

The overall strategy was not considered by the men of the 29th Brigade. They did not know of a Chinese plan to blast through their positions and cut off the American Third Division. They knew only that they were to hold their positions—and hold they did.

We tried to reach them with the camera-jeep, but the track was "one-way," and it was not our way. For hours the "B" echelon transports poured back to leave the road clear for the troop-carriers which we hoped would bring our men back, once they had disengaged the enemy. Enemy shell-fire fell on the road, splintering the overhanging rock faces.

I filmed a column of Filippino infantry going forward to relieve the Glosters, but the leading tank was set on fire by enemy artillery, and the track was blocked by the burning vehicle. The Filippinos went on foot from then on, but they were too far from Gloster Hill to be of any help. I made shots of them marching back to their transports, and the Glosters were alone.

With a deep feeling of despair, we pulled back towards Seoul. Every yard that we retreated was another yard for our men to fight as they tried to reach the Seoul perimeter. We drew into a village to make shots of the Korean people evacuating. But the inhabitants had already left. All except one farmer and his family. They had stuck it out and did not want to evacuate.

Then, just a hundred yards from the village, our guns opened up with support fire. I saw the Korean farmer's eyes through the view-finder, and felt sick at the stomach. Although he was outwardly calm, his eyes showed the panic of his soul. As he ran to his hut, one shoe fell off. He kicked off the other and ran barefoot to his wife, who sat beside the hut. Rapidly, he piled a few of their belongings on her back; she stood as quiet as a pack mule while the load grew and grew. As a last thought, he tucked a live chicken into a blanket, and the wife set off on the trek back.

He went inside the hut, and I heard moans coming from the dark interior. Then he backed out, dragging his grandmother by her armpits. Her legs were useless and dragged limply, leaving two deep furrows in the square patch of dry dust which was their home. By a superhuman effort he hoisted her on his back and staggered past the camera on his way to Seoul.

Thousand Rounds Per Gun

Up front, the Glosters were surrounded. The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and the Royal Ulster Rifles were fighting their way back. The 45th Field Artillery, with their twenty-five pounder guns, were supporting the withdrawal. With icy precision they laid their ranging shots and pumped the shells over. During the battle, each gun fired more than a thousand rounds. Only when the Chinese moved close to the guns did the order come to "up sticks."

What was left of the brigade pulled back through the American defences on the Seoul perimeter, and camped down to wait news of the Glosters, to lick wounds, re-equip and re-man. The brigade headquarters was a sad and solemn place. Every few minutes news came through of yet another casualty. This was no large army, just one brigade. Everybody knew everybody else. When the phone rang it meant further details of a friend's death.

Then came good news. The Royal Ulster Rifles and the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers had got through, plus four officers with thirty-six other ranks of Glosters. The news spread like wildfire, men smiled again, and we rushed to cover the story of these heroes. For heroes they were. Not that they knew. On the contrary, they were too tired to care.

The Men Who Came Back

I filmed one taking a bath. At first he soaped himself vigorously. Gradually his movements grew slower. He was falling asleep. A Gloster, shaving for the first time in days, glared at me with tired eyes. He was angry at seeing me there, and told me to "clear off with that ruddy camera." I knew why, and took the camera away. He was not thinking of himself as a hero, he was thinking of the hundreds of men who had not come back from Gloster Hill. This was not the moment for the camera.

The Royal Ulster Rifles were in the same shape when I drove into their compound at Kimpo. I tackled their acting commanding officer, Major Rickcord. "They're very tired," he said. "Why not come back tomorrow?"

"But by tomorrow they will be shaved. Their eyes won't look so tired. You'll have issued them with new clothing. They won't look like men who have nearly died. I want to be able to show the world what they look like now—not tomorrow."

The major shrugged his tired shoulders. He

Continued on page 34

THE LIFE OF JESUS

PART ONE: PREPARING THE WAY

THE TIMES WERE DISTURBED. Herod the Great's long reign was ending in fret and civil strife. The king of the Jews was not a true Jew. He was Idumaean, an Arab from the Negeb in the far south, and was Jewish only by naturalization. As if this was not enough, Herod and his dynasty existed by the favour of a foreign power. For himself and his supporters he was the strong man who had restored order from the chaos which followed the extinction of the Maccabaean priest kings. For the Jews he was a usurper, one of the vassal princes set up by Augustus Caesar on the expanding frontiers of the Roman world.

Ruthless and able, Herod had come to the throne by intrigue and murder; he stayed on it by force. He professed the Jewish faith and was careful to respect some at least of the outward forms of the Law, but almost everything he did or had done showed where his true loyalties lay. His coinage was inscribed in Greek, not Hebrew; the cities he built bore Graeco-Roman names; his sons, the heirs to the kingdom, were sent for their education to Italy.

The outrage against national and religious feeling went farther. Hippodromes and amphitheatres were set up for displays which every Jew held in horror; there were Greek favourites at Court and non-Jews placed high in the civil service.

On Herod's order, sacrifices were offered to the pagan emperor in the Temple at Jerusalem—on whose gate, in gross contempt of God's decree against images, the king had placed the giant figure of an eagle. And from the Temple itself the people going to worship could see the sentries on Antonia's Tower, the massive citadel Herod built and called after one of his Roman masters. None of these troops was a Jew of Palestine. They were Greek, Idumaean, German and Celtic mercenaries: a foreign legion on the Roman pattern, Roman trained. The king of the Jews could trust nothing and nobody Jewish.

In their turn, the Romans put little trust in Herod. The real power lay northwards, in Syria with its four crack imperial legions. Palestine was an occupied country.

The province of Galilee was the most fertile and populated district in Palestine. It was also the most prosperous. The great caravan routes passed through it, bringing trade. Its wheat and oil were the most sought after in the country. Round its lake, with its valuable fishing industry, were nine important cities. Its borders are naturally inevitable and satisfying. To the north are the mountains of Lebanon; to the east is the Jordan River; the plain of Esdraelon is the southern frontier, and the Mediterranean is to the west. The interior of the country is well wooded and watered, full of small towns and villages. It is a very different region from the arid, stony hills of Judaea which lie a hundred miles to the south.

Fifteen miles to the west of the lake is Nazareth. In appearance it was identical with any small town in Palestine. The houses were simple, flat-roofed rectangles. There was often only a single room which, roughly partitioned, did for both animals and humans. Some houses were built into the rock. In these the family lived above, and the cattle were kept in a cave or bunker excavated below. The walls were of mud bound with straw and baked hard in the sun. Streets were narrow and sunless, bordered with ditches. Except for the synagogue, public buildings were lacking.

Many towns and villages in Palestine were noted for some particular trade or craft. Nazareth specialized in carpentry, joinery and all forms of wood sawing. One of these Nazareth carpenters was a man called Joseph. He was an obscure artisan but his ancestry, like that of many Jews, could be traced back very far in Jewish history. Joseph was of the tribe of Judah and the family of King David, Jewry's most splendid hero, the father of Solomon.

Joseph was engaged to a young woman called Mary. Jewish girls in general married very young—marriage could be contracted when the future partners were still children—and marriage among the Jews was a private arrangement. Certain promises were made and the bride was formally led from her father's house to that of her husband-to-be. Engagement bound the couple legally, but the wedding ceremony took place later—on occasions much later. During the engagement period it was, in principle, not customary for the partners to live together as man and wife.

One day an angel of God appeared to Mary. She heard the angel speak. "Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee."

Mary was disturbed by what she heard and asked herself what such a greeting could mean. The angel reassured her, telling her not to be frightened. "Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb," the angel said, "and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and

The Life of Jesus is both the best-known and the least-known story in the world. There are few people who have not been familiar since childhood with the actions, miracles and parables of Jesus; yet there are almost as few who could put them in their place in his life, or picture the background of political and religious turmoil of his time.

The four Gospels are the only record of how Jesus lived and died. But, for the ordinary reader, the duplication of incidents, the confusing chronology, and the references to unfamiliar places and customs often obscure the full drama and achievement of Jesus's life.

It is with the intention of bringing out, simply and directly, this great central story—a story of superlative courage as well as deep religious significance—that JOHN BULL *has prepared this new and detailed narrative. It is the product of deep research both in Palestine and from ancient and modern sources. Every word is based on the Gospels or other established records.*

TEXT BY W. E. ARMSTRONG

PAINTINGS BY K. J. PETTS

shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David."

But Mary asked the angel how such a thing could happen, for she was still a virgin.

"The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee," the angel replied, "and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

Mary accepted this supernatural destiny with humble submission. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," she said; "be it unto me according to thy word."

In the course of time Joseph became aware that Mary was pregnant. The idea of making public what he believed to be her guilt was distasteful. But he was a man of principle and he made up his mind to repudiate her privately. It was while he was considering the question that a messenger of God came to him in a dream. He heard himself addressed:

"Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."

When Joseph awoke he carried out the divine intention and accepted Mary into his house.

SOME months later, when Mary's pregnancy was well advanced, she and Joseph were obliged to leave Nazareth and go to Bethlehem, in Judaea. The reason for the journey was official; an order had come from Rome that a census should be taken in the Empire.

Roman power was expanding rapidly and some assessment of its total resources was frequently necessary. The census which Joseph and Mary had to answer was a house enrolment, a registration of every member of the family and not simply of its head. As was the custom in the eastern parts of the Empire, the numbering was done in the ancestral home or locality. In Joseph's case this was Bethlehem, the city of David.

Nazareth to Bethlehem meant a journey of nearly a hundred miles over roads which were as yet untouched by the Roman engineers. With a mule or donkey it took three to four days.

After the hills of lower Galilee are left behind the road runs out on the Esdraelon plain to the mountains of Samaria. The plain is a wild prairie of red and black loam, waterless except for a few wells and muddy after rain. It had been a battlefield for centuries; its place names were a history of the Jewish will to defend their land and unity.

Here Barak wiped out ten thousand Canaanites at the battle of Kishon, and Gideon threw back the Moabite Arabs below the mountain of Gilboa. Endor, where Saul consulted a witch, is on Esdraelon; so is Jezreel, to which Jehu drove furiously to kill the idolatrous queen Jezebel. It was at Jezreel, too, that Saul and Jonathan died after the slaughter of the tribes by the Philistines. Now the Roman legions held it.

Beyond this plain, Samaria—forty miles of open country broken by isolated groups of hills—separated Galilee from Judaea. Jerusalem is on the edge of Judaea's central plateau which rises from the desert of the east and south—the wilderness of the Dead Sea. Six miles south of Jerusalem is Bethlehem.

It was a small town built across the saddle between two hills more than two thousand feet above sea level. There is water near and the country round about is fertile; its name means the "House of Bread."

HER time was very near when Mary arrived in the town. Bethlehem was crowded with people come to answer the census, and there was no room for her and Joseph in the main inn. Somebody found her a place in a stable and it was there that she gave birth. When the child was born she wrapped him up and laid him in a manger.

Judaea is a pastoral country with little cultivation. Grapes and olives are grown, but the main occupation of the peasants is sheep and goat rearing. The land is bare, scrubby moorland, almost waterless except in the rainy season. It is quite unfenced, and wild animals—jackals and hyenas—infest the rocks and gullies. The flocks of sheep and goats must find their pasture where they can. They are always on the move; never unguarded. Judaea was and always had been a land of shepherds; from them had sprung some of the greatest patriarchs and prophets.

On the night Jesus was born there were some of these shepherds in the neighbourhood. While they were watching their flocks an angel of the Lord suddenly appeared to them. It was a dramatic manifestation and the men were frightened. But just as the angel at Nazareth had reassured Mary, the one the shepherds saw quickly calmed their fears. The angel told them of what had happened in the town, that a Saviour who was the Christ had been born. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy," the angel said, "which shall be to all people."

The shepherds went to Bethlehem at once. They found Mary there with Joseph

The angel went on to tell them how they could identify the baby: he would be lying in a manger.

As the men were listening to this message others of the Heavenly Host appeared, singing the praises of God. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

When the angels had gone the shepherds decided to go to Bethlehem at once. On reaching the town they found Mary there with Joseph in the stable. Her child, as the angel had described, was laid in a manger.

This confirmation of the angel's message so astonished them that, before going back to their flocks, they told everyone they met about the event in the stable. The story went from mouth to mouth; people crowded round the manger, wishing to see for themselves.

On the eighth day after the birth the child was circumcised and named, as the Law stipulated. The name his parents gave him was the one chosen by the angel before he was conceived—Jesus. The Law imposed another duty. Like every other Jewish mother of a son, Mary had to make a purification offering in the Temple forty days after the birth. The child, being her first born, had also to be redeemed, or consecrated, from the time he was a month old.

The parents were not bound to take their child to the Temple for these rites. The priest in the local synagogue was competent to witness the redemption, and Mary could have made her purification offering by proxy. But Jerusalem is only a morning's walk from Bethlehem: Mary and Joseph decided to have both ceremonies performed there.

As they entered the Temple a startling incident occurred. A man suddenly stepped forward and took the baby in his arms. His name was Symeon. He was one of those devout Jews, steeped in the old prophetic literature, who spent their lives hoping for the appearance of their country's saviour. Divine agency had assured him that he would live to see the Messiah in the flesh: that Messiah he recognized in the child Mary had in her arms. Holding the baby up, he praised God for letting him see and touch the promise of his people's salvation. Now, Symeon sang, the Lord could let him go and he could die in peace.

Mary and Joseph wondered what Symeon meant by these words. After blessing them, he enlightened Mary further. "This child," he told her, "is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel." But he warned her that such revelation would have its trials and its tragic side. Mary herself must be prepared for great sorrow. "Yea," Symeon went on, "a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also."

Symeon's action had been dramatic, but not extraordinary. Every Jew who went to the synagogue on the Sabbath refreshed his belief in the coming of the Messiah, the anointed one of the Lord—the Christ. There was no general agreement as to how the deliverer would appear, although it was accepted, according to prophecy, that he would be of the family, or house, of David.

Some thought of him as a dynamic leader: a warrior king who would restore the political independence and the predominance of the Jewish people by force. The kingdom of God would be announced by the return of Elijah and other prophets. It would be preceded by a period of trial and suffering.

Others believed that the rule of God would be re-established by moral and religious reform: an inward purification based on repentance. The outward, hypocritical forms of religion as professed by the Pharisees and the priests would be swept away, as would the contaminating pagan and Gentile influences of the Greek and Roman world.

The Messiah had been foretold; he would therefore appear. But even if this had not been so, there was nothing in the idea of a divinely inspired

in the stable. Her child, as the angel had described, was laid in a manger

redeemer to force the imagination of any Jew. The belief in supernatural visitation, in heavenly signs and portents, permeated the Jewish mind.

Frequently discussed, ardently desired, the coming of the Messiah was part of the national spirit, an idea born of the successive misfortunes the people had endured. Under the Roman heel the expectation of deliverance was as strong as it had ever been.

AFTER this prophecy of glory and pain pronounced over their son by Symeon, Jesus's parents carried out the ceremonies for which they had come to the Temple. The cost of presenting Jesus for consecration was five shekels, the fee prescribed. Mary, for the purification sacrifice, gave the offering of the poor: a pair of turtle doves or two small pigeons.

Now that every detail of the Law had been punctiliously observed, Mary and Joseph left Judaea and returned to Nazareth.

When he was old enough, Jesus was put to school. Education for the Jews was of great importance, and the Law made it necessary for children to know the rules of conduct and the history of their forefathers. The sacred writings were drummed into them as soon as intelligence could assimilate instruction.

The field for learning was vast. Not every school and synagogue possessed the entire canon of the sacred writings; but those in big towns and important villages usually had a scroll of the Pentateuch—the Law—and a selection of the prophets. For those who wished fo. further knowledge the rabbis ran special colleges. In these a clever boy with a taste for teaching not only learned the Law in all its complexity, but became its master.

When he was twelve years old, Jesus was taken by his parents to Jerusalem for the Passover Festival at Easter. The occasion was nothing new for Joseph and Mary. As pious Jews they made the trip every year. For Jesus, also, the journey had now become obligatory; in his thirteenth year a Jewish boy became a "son of the Law," bound to carry out its smallest injunctions.

The family stayed in Jerusalem for the prescribed seven days, then joined a north-bound caravan for Galilee. Jerusalem was always crowded for the great festivals. To avoid confusion when the pilgrims left, those going in the same direction organized themselves into columns. There were separate columns for men and women which left the capital by different gates and joined up later, generally at the first night's halt.

At this halt Joseph and Mary were both under the impression that Jesus was in the caravan; actually he had stayed behind in the city. After vainly looking for him among those relatives and friends who were with them in the column, his parents returned to Jerusalem.

They found their son there, but not until the third day: he was sitting in the Temple listening and talking to the doctors of the Law. It was quite usual for the doctors and rabbis to give unofficial instruction in the courts of the Temple on the Sabbath and during the festivals. Questions on the scriptures were brought up and argued out; the scribes and teachers gave their interpretation of difficult points. Such gatherings were impromptu religious brains trusts.

Jesus, putting questions to the doctors and answering questions they put to him, had made a great impression by his knowledge and intelligence. His parents were surprised to find him with the rabbis, but Mary's natural anxiety came out in a reproach. "Son," she said, "why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

Jesus made a reply which they did not understand. "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

The centre of religious life was the Temple at Jerusalem. This was the seat of Jewry's spiritual head, the High Priest. Below his supreme authority was a pyramid of lesser officials: priests and scribes, sacristans and treasurers, liturgists, musicians and temple servants. They formed an ecclesiastical administration which numbered as many as twenty-five thousand men.

The Temple was the only sanctuary in which sacrifices could legally be performed. It was at all times, but especially when the great festivals came round, a place of pilgrimage for Jews from every corner of Palestine.

But travel was slow and expensive; for every Jew to take part in Temple worship was impossible. The greater part of the people had to be content with the synagogue. Synagogues were found in all towns and in almost every village. Their services could be held, in fact, whenever a quorum of ten male adult Jews could be made up. Services consisted of scripture readings, prayers, praises and a sermon. Apart from worship, they were occasions for discussion and instruction: anybody who knew the Law and the scriptures well enough could be invited by the chief of the synagogue to comment on a text or embroider a verse.

Worship in the Temple was grandiose and awe-inspiring, but it was in the synagogues that the vigour of the Jewish faith was constantly renewed, and the promise of redemption kept alive. The exclusive nature of that faith and an aggressively national tradition of race were the most effective forms of resistance to Roman contempt and the tyranny of the Herodian régime.

WITH his parents, Jesus returned to Nazareth after his adventure with the doctors in the Temple. Nothing whatever is known of his life during the next twenty years. He may have stayed in his own hills among his own people, or he may have travelled, absorbing new cultures and turning over new ideas. He may have gone east, to India, and lived with the great Verdic philosophers in the Himalayan monasteries. It is tempting to believe that he did, but the record is silent.

Jesus was born some years before the conventional date of the beginning of the Christian era, probably between 8 and 6 B.C. While he was growing up to manhood and responsibility in Galilee, much was happening in Judaea.

Occupation meant humiliation. For three million Jews—the most intensely religious people history had known—the Roman-Herodian rule was a double shame. It poisoned the twin passions which gave their existence meaning: the spiritual passion expressed by the Law, and the passion for political independence which sprang from the centuries-old prophecy of the promised land.

It was the Law and the promise of the land that had sustained the chosen people through their long struggle for survival in a pagan universe. Now the Law was mocked by a puppet king, and the land was subject to heathen domination. Inevitably there was reaction and revolt.

But revolt was put down with Herod's habitual cruelty; Roman efficiency did the rest. Apart from those extremists who favoured violent and continued attack against the overlords, Jewish opposition became largely passive or went underground. The response to the situation divided Jewry into two categories.

There were the Pharisees who advised a policy of pious disdain and patience against the day when prophecy would be fulfilled and deliverance come to the house of David through the Messiah. These were the watchdogs of the Law. At their best they loyally carried out the essential task of preserving the integrity of the faith. At their worst they were sterile pedants; dead to the spirit of the Law, fanatics for its letter.

Religion for the Pharisees was reduced to the meticulous performance of the rites prescribed. Intransigently proud, they despised the people, whom they considered little better than unlettered louts. The word that gave the sect its name meant "those who set themselves apart." The Pharisees, true to their nature, took its meaning literally.

THE Sadducees were very different. They were recruited mainly from the classes of the rich, and their families monopolized the higher offices of the state, especially that of the high priest. Smug and supple, they were realists, content to accept things as they found them and make the best of the situation. Neither past examples nor future expectations interested them unduly. Deliverance from oppression would come when it would come. Meanwhile, Roman power was undeniable. It were better to recognize the fact and, if need be, collaborate to keep the Roman peace.

For many others the Roman peace was profitable. The merchants, bankers and big landowners found it easier to swallow national pride than to forgo the favour of the occupying power.

Although the influence of the Pharisees and Sadducees—the one religious, the other political—was very great, they were numerically a small minority. There remained the people. These were mainly peasants, small landholders living in village communities; or craftsmen and artisans working in the towns and cities. There was also a class of

Seeking their missing son, Mary and Joseph returned to Jerusalem. On the third day they found Jesus sitting in the Temple, talking to the doctors of the Law

tenant farmers who worked the land of others, paying their rent in produce for the implements, seed and animals provided by their landlords.

Lower down in the social scale were the bondmen. They were practically slaves: the men who were bound to their owners for a period of years and who could neither change their masters nor dispose of their earnings. Lower still were the authentic slaves. They could be bought and sold at whim and their rights were non-existent.

Such social divisions led to class hostility. The people felt themselves exploited. They detested their pagan masters as Gentile idolaters, and despised the ruling cast as timeservers and traitors to the Law.

Herod the Great had died in 4 B.C. The king ended his reign of thirty-seven years as he had lived it—in blood. In his mad resolution not to surrender his throne he had already murdered many members of his clan: a few days before he died he killed his eldest son.

He was no less savage with the people. The misery of his régime had finally broken into desperate revolt which he had put down with spectacular savagery. Some protest was political. Six thousand Pharisees refused to swear the oath of allegiance to Herod and the Emperor. They were thrown into prison after their leaders had been executed. Later, rebellion took a cruder form. The initiative of two rabbis, Judas and Matthias, who incited the mob to tear down the sacrilegious eagle carved on the Temple, was met with terrible reprisals. Most who took part were tortured and condemned to death; some were even burned alive.

The question of Herod's successor brought further anarchy. While three of his surviving sons were disputing Herod's will with Augustus in Rome, Judaea became utterly lawless. Brigands and looters came down from the hills; cities were sacked and whole districts terrorized; in Jericho the royal palace was stormed and burned to the ground. Fanatics and petty chiefs sprang up everywhere to proclaim themselves kings. The "unthinkable majesty" of the Roman peace was threatened. The Romans marched in.

Syria was garrisoned by three celebrated legions, the III Gallica, VI Ferrata and X Fretensis: all hardened veterans of a dozen wars. Quinctilius Varus, the imperial legate, hurried with two of these to Judaea and set about restoring order. It was restored, but at a price. The last revolt was crushed in wholesale massacre. At the top of every high hill, along the sepia-tinted walls of Jerusalem, the crosses were dressed against the sky. On them more than two thousands Jews died slowly—crucified.

Meanwhile, Augustus Caesar had come to a decision: Herod's three sons were to rule in Palestine, but without the royal title. Archelaus became ethnarch of Judaea, Samaria and Idumaea. Galilee and Peraea were given to Antipas, and the north-eastern provinces on the far side of Jordan went to Philip. Antipas and Philip were named tetrarchs; when they took over power they added "Herod" to their names.

A ROMAN decision was one thing, Jewish acceptance of it another. Archelaus in Judaea proved to be as tyrannical as his father, without his father's better qualities. He insulted the priestly hierarchy by twice removing the High Priest, and scandalized Jewish opinion by marrying the wife of his half-brother, a marriage which was illegal according to the Law. The Jews endured his rule for ten years; then, in A.D. 6, a deputation of the people petitioned Augustus for the abolition of the monarchy. The Emperor agreed at once. Archelaus was deposed, then exiled; his territories were incorporated into Syria. Antipas and Philip were allowed to remain as dependent rulers. As for Judaea, it became a Roman province, controlled by a procurator who had considerable military and judicial powers.

But the exchange of one domination for another brought the country no respite. Roman rule meant Roman dues. The first act of the new masters was to order a census for taxation purposes; Quirinius, the governor of Syria at the time, organized his civil service for this end. The census aroused the fury of the Jews.

There were two reasons for this deep resentment. To pay taxes to a pagan overlord was a sign of bondage, a denial of the Jews' conception of themselves as God's free and chosen people. That was the religious objection. Added to this was the economic cause. The people were already paying as much as they could in customs duties and offerings in support of Temple worship. The new Roman taxes, moreover, were corruptly administered, for the procurators left their collection to the local publicans. These officials, already hated for the injustice of their extortions, soon came to be regarded as little better than a band of thieves.

Nationalism, subdued under Herod's despotic rule, now broke surface in violent form. Its most uncompromising exponents believed that the Holy Land would be freed from oppression by the sword; their rabble-rousing propaganda soon led to armed uprisings. Several of these were country-wide, but all were put down with severity.

Tiberius succeeded Augustus as Emperor at Rome. Herod Antipas was still tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of the territories east of the Jordan. The procurator of Judaea—the fifth since it became a Roman province—was a young man of a distinguished Italian family, Pontius Pilate. Like Jesus of Nazareth, he was in his early thirties. In A.D. 26-27, when Jewish aspirations were draining away to despair, John the Baptist made his appearance.

John the Baptist was of the sect of the Nazarites, religious ascetics whose lives were dedicated to the service of God. John had been so dedicated by his parents at birth. He was the son of Zacharias, a priest; Elizabeth, his mother, was related to Mary of Nazareth. John was thus a relative of Jesus.

The country where he appeared and started preaching was Jeshimon, the wilderness which lies between the Dead Sea and the central plateau of Judaea.

Jewish history is rich in the tradition of the inspired ascetic. The solitary who meditated in the wild places and emerged from them to prophecy and condemn was a master figure in the popular imagination. Some of these exalted sages lived together in isolated monasteries; others roamed about alone, sleeping in caves and sustaining themselves like animals. All were objects of awe and veneration.

John, when he suddenly showed up in Jeshimon, living on locusts and wild honey and clothed in a coat of camel's hair bound with a leather thong, attracted an audience at once.

Besides preaching, John was baptizing by immersion in the river. News about his appearance had spread through the country. Those who heard him had come from all over Judaea; some, including Jesus, from as far off as Galilee. When the Baptist stumped through the Jordan valley and reached

the district where the river enters the Dead Sea, people from Jerusalem swelled the crowd. The city is only twenty miles away: from the Jordan's banks, the Mount of Olives can be seen, framed in a gap in the hills.

John did not talk like the many self-styled Messiahs who had sprung up lately, calling for political revolt. He asked his hearers for a change of heart; the baptism he would give them, he said, was a baptism of repentance. He warned them that time was running out and that the Kingdom of Heaven was near. There were all classes in the crowd; John noticed a sprinkling of Pharisees and Sadducees. These he addressed specially and severely.

"O generation of vipers," he shouted, "who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth therefore fruits worthy of repentance, and begin not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham. And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire."

The people asked him where their duty lay.

John replied: "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise."

There were also some tax gatherers who wished to be baptized. "Master," said these publicans, "what shall we do?"

"Exact no more than that which is appointed you," John answered.

Soldiers were there, men from the garrison at Jerusalem and round about. "And what shall we do?" they said.

"Do violence to no man," John ordered them, "neither accuse any falsely; and be content with your wages."

EXPECTING something, the people were excited. They asked themselves if this recluse who had burst out of the desert, wild as a fox, could be the Christ. Some priests and Levites, forcing the issue, asked him straight out what he claimed to be. The Baptist answered them frankly. He confessed that he was not the Christ.

"What then," they said, "are you Elijah?"

"I am not," said John.

"Art thou that prophet?"

"No."

"Who art thou?" they persisted, pressing him hard, "that we may give an answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself?"

John answered from the scriptures, quoting the words of the prophet Isaiah: "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness: Make straight the way of the Lord."

But the priests, who had been sent to question John by the party of the Pharisees in Jerusalem, were not going to leave it at that. "Why baptizest thou then," they said, "if thou be not that Christ, nor Elijah, neither that prophet?"

At this, John disclosed his true purpose. "I," he answered, "baptize with water: but there standeth one among you, whom ye know not; he it is, who coming after me is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose."

The place where this happened is at Bethany, on the east side of Jordan. The stretches of the valley here are lush, overgrown with clumps of bamboo, tamarisk and eucalyptus trees. Mimosa and blue thistles give colour to the sour clay of the creeper-matted soil. Annual floodings have cluttered the ground with driftwood, uprooted trees lie in swampy hollows; the air is torpid. The muddy river flows between steep banks. Its current, at the turns, eddies out strongly, brushing the reeds with the sound of ruffled silk. Nothing but the water seems to move down here, but movement, when it comes, is brusque and almost startling. Snakes sway across the sand, then vanish; foxes, which skulk elsewhere, bolt wildly; doves shoot like arrows from the trees. The Jordan, from its source north of the Sea of Galilee, runs in this rank ditch for all its length of a hundred miles. A man could walk through such cover unseen for days.

THE day after John's exchange with the priests, Jesus came to be baptized. When he saw him approaching, John knew him for the man he had been telling the people about.

"Behold the Lamb of God," he cried, "which taketh away the sins of the world. This is he of whom I said: After me cometh a man which is preferred to me; for he was before me. And I knew him not," John added. "But that he should be made manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptizing with water."

When they met, John took Jesus down to the river and baptized him. As soon as Jesus, dripping, came out of the water he began to pray. While he was praying the Spirit of God came down to him in bodily form, like a dove. A voice spoke out of the sky.

"Thou art my beloved Son," it said, "in thee I am well pleased."

After this affirmation Jesus left the green jungle

John the Baptist saw Jesus approaching, and knew him for the man he had been telling the people about. "Behold the Lamb of God!" he cried, "which taketh away the sins of the world"

"Thou hast well said: 'I have no husband,'" Jesus told the woman of Samaria. "For thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband." The woman was dumbfounded

of the valley and wandered into the desert. He set himself to fast, to go without food for forty days. The theatre in which he faced this ordeal is one of the most daunting areas on earth. Nature rejects man utterly. It is a monotonous district of blistered limestone hills, absolutely waterless except during the winter rains, and murderously hot. Vegetation consists of thorny scrub and thistle. There is no shade or shelter; a figure is visible from very far. The heat is fiery in the gullies; the shingle burns the feet and hands; there is a smell of sulphur in the air. From the Dead Sea, sandless and dark blue, eternal evaporations rise to dim the mountains with a curdled haze. The region is a clinkered waste of silence, thirst and sun.

At the height of his torture, when he was starving, Jesus met the Devil, who began to tempt him. "If thou be the Son of God," he said, "command this stone that it be made bread."

Jesus answered him by quoting the scriptures. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God."

Led by the Devil, Jesus then left the desert and went to Jerusalem. There the tempter took him to the Temple and made him climb to its pinnacle.

From this outward turret the drop was sheer down the towering wall of the city. People and animals going up the Kidron valley were diminished to crawling flies; on the Mount of Olives the trees glinted like scattered dew. It was a place to make the senses reel.

Now it was the Devil that quoted the sacred texts, the words of one of the psalms. "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence," he urged. "For it is written: He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up."

But Jesus refuted him, quoting in turn the text which said that God should not be put to the test.

The Devil tried once more. This time, from the summit of a high mountain, he showed Jesus the view spread out below: the kingdoms of the world and their glory. Assyria and Persia, Egypt, Greece and now Rome had all founded mighty empires here. Jesus in his turn could command all this material richness and power if only he would consent to do the tempter homage.

Jesus answered him for the last time. "Get thee behind me, Satan," he ordered, dismissing him. "For it is written: Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Then the tempter left Jesus.

MEANWHILE, John the Baptist was carrying on with his mission, preaching and baptizing in the Lower Jordan and in Peraea—the mountainous district on the other side of the Dead Sea. John's fame had spread and reached the tetrarch Herod Antipas, whose territories these were.

The tetrarchs were only petty chiefs. They were directly subject to Rome and ruled a discontented people. Such power as they had was precarious; and they knew it. When Antipas heard from his spies that John had raised a large following and was becoming a dangerously popular figure, he feared a revolution and had him arrested.

Apart from this political threat, Antipas nursed a personal grudge against John: the tetrarch had lately divorced his wife, Aretas, to marry the wife of one of his half-brothers, a woman called Herodias, and the Baptist had had the courage to denounce this scandal publicly.

John, after his arrest, was taken to the fortress of Macherus, high up in the Moab mountains overlooking the Dead Sea. The fort was an ancient Jewish stronghold rebuilt by Herod the Great as a defence for his southern frontier. It was in the dungeons below the royal palace at this sinister, inaccessible place that John was imprisoned. And it was there that he was to be murdered later.

Macherus is in Peraea, fifteen miles from the Lower Jordan; Jesus was still in the district and soon got to know of John's arrest. The news was disquieting. It meant that southern Judaea was excited by the Baptist's campaign and that Antipas's police were out: the region had become temporarily dangerous. Jesus had hardly begun what he meant to do and it was no part of his intention to get himself arrested so soon. He made a quick change of plans. Galilee, also, was under the jurisdiction of Herod, but it was at the other end of the country and Jesus would be with friends. He decided to join his family there at once.

Shortly after his arrival, Jesus and his mother Mary were invited to a wedding feast at Cana, a town on the Capernaum road about an hour's walk from Nazareth.

During the celebrations the supply of wine ran out, and Mary drew her son's attention to the fact. Jesus asked her why she was troubling him about it. "Mine hour," he added, "is not yet come."

But his mother called over the servants and told them to do whatever Jesus ordered them.

It is the habit of the Jews to rinse their hands before meals. For this purpose there were six twenty-gallon stone jars standing in the house. Jesus told the servants to fill these with water. When each jar was filled to the brim, Jesus ordered the master of the feast to be served. Some water

was drawn from one of the jars and the master tasted it. It was wine—good wine.

Having no idea how it had got there—although the servants were in the secret—the master called the bridegroom over and remonstrated with him.

"Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine," he said, "and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now."

This was the first time that Jesus exercised his power to perform miracles, and he revealed it to nobody except the men who had served the wine.

After the wedding in Cana, Jesus, Mary and some of his brothers went to stay in Capernaum, twenty miles from Nazareth on the north-west coast of the Sea of Galilee. Capernaum was a large town and one of the lake's main ports. Its situation on the great road that ran from Damascus to the Mediterranean made it an important trading centre. It had a fine synagogue and a military garrison; because of its commercial traffic the Romans had installed a customs office there. In contrast to the Baptist, who had kept to the desert and avoided the rub and gusto of life, Jesus made this teeming town his headquarters.

FOR the moment he did not stay there long. Easter was near and the Jewish Passover approaching; Jesus made up his mind to go down to Jerusalem for the feast. It was a daring decision. Judaea, and especially Jerusalem with its battalions of priests, was a danger area for him—and Jesus knew it. On reaching the city, he was bound to go to the one place where danger could be most acute.

Herod the Great's magnificent Temple, which he had started building sixteen years before his death, was still uncompleted. But it had been in use for a considerable time. In company with thousands of other pilgrims Jesus went to worship in its courts.

The Temple, the core of Jewish life, was more than a place of worship. For the people of Jerusalem and for travellers passing through the city it was a vast centre of social intercourse. It was also a market and a sort of national bank. In its precincts—the outer courts—a brisk commerce in cattle, goods and exchange was carried on. Besides the money changers, whose business was bartering Jewish and Roman coin, there were cattle dealers with their sheep and oxen, come to sell their animals for Temple sacrifices. Dove sellers, their wicker baskets full of birds, were doing the same thing. It was from one of these that Mary had bought her offering when she took Jesus to be consecrated more than thirty years before.

This scene of barter and exploitation angered Jesus. Deciding to clear the place, he made a whip of cords and set about the merchants. He seized the bowls in which the bankers kept their cash and poured the money on the floor; then he sent their tables flying. Wielding his lash he dashed into the crowd, driving men, sheep and oxen before him. With the courts cleared entirely, he rounded on the dove sellers.

"Take these things hence!" he cried at them. "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise."

When it was all over, the priests and the religious authorities—the Jews—demanded an explanation. "What sign showest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?" they asked him angrily.

Jesus answered: "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up."

The Jews were sceptical and indignant. "Forty and six years," they reminded him, "was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?"

But Jesus was talking of something they could not understand. He was not referring to Herod's building, but to the temple of his own body.

DURING this stay in Jerusalem Jesus performed miracles in public. As a result he attracted a popular following; more and more people began to believe in him.

He left the city and, after a visit to Judaea, where he was joined by a few followers, he started for Galilee once more. He could have taken the flat, hot road up the Jordan valley. Instead, he took the hilly central route, up the spine of Palestine, which crosses through Samaria.

The Jews generally gave Samaria a wide berth. Its people were of Jewish stock, but had a pagan history. They had refused, centuries before, to accept the religious supremacy of Judah, and the temple they had built on the sacred mountain of Gerizim had been a serious rival to Jerusalem as a holy place.

Since that time, relations between Samaria and the other provinces of Palestine had been practically those of civil war. Although not exactly outlaws, the Samaritans could behave as such. Travellers had been known to be ambushed and caravans to be harried in their hills. To the strict Jew, especially the priest and rabbi, Samaria was a dangerous country whose people were impure.

Thirty miles from Jerusalem, in the middle of Samaria, is the town of Sychar, which lies between the mountains of Ebal and Gerizim. Jesus and the

Angered by the barter in the Temple, Jesus made a whip and set about the merchants. "Take these things hence!" he shouted

men he had brought with him reached it about noon. Spring was changing into summer and it was hot. Tired with walking, Jesus sat down by a spring called Jacob's Well. While he was there alone—his companions had gone into the town to buy something to eat—a woman came to the well to draw water. Jesus asked her to give him a drink.

The woman was surprised. "How is it that thou, being a Jew," she said, "askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?"

Jesus replied: "If thou knewest the gift of God and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

The woman looked at him curiously. "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with," she said, "and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?"

His reply was cryptic. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again. But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst: but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

"Sir," said the woman, "give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw."

Jesus did not answer her request directly. He told her to fetch her husband and come back.

"I have no husband," she said.

"Thou hast well said: I have no husband," Jesus told her, "for thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband."

The woman was dumbfounded. Jesus had never seen her before, but what he had said about her history was true.

"Sir," she said, "I perceive that thou art a prophet." She went on to ask his opinion about a problem that had been troubling her. "Our fathers," she explained, pointing to Mount Gerizim, "worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship."

"Women, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father," Jesus told her. "Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

The woman understood. She said fervently: "I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come, he will tell us all things."

At this Jesus declared himself. "I that speaketh unto thee am he."

His companions returned from the town at that moment. They were surprised to find Jesus in conversation with a woman, but no one questioned her or asked Jesus why he had been talking to her. She, meanwhile, left her water pot and hurried to the town to tell of her extraordinary experience. "Come," she said to the people, "see a man, which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?"

While she was away, his friends urged Jesus to eat something. He spoke to them in somewhat the same way as he had spoken to the Samaritan. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," he said. And like her, when she had failed to understand Jesus when he spoke of the water of life, they took him literally. They asked each other if anyone had brought him food in their absence.

Jesus overheard them. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. Say not ye there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. And herein is that saying true: One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that wherein ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours."

The story the woman told made many in Sychar believe in Jesus. It caused such an impression that they came and asked him to stay in the town with them. He stayed two days, and his personal impact and the freshness of his teaching made even more converts to his cause. Those who saw him were convinced by experience. They told the woman that they no longer needed her story.

"*Now* we believe," they declared, "and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

After leaving Sychar, Jesus continued his journey into Galilee and arrived back at Cana. The mission was to begin in his own country, among the men and women with whom he had grown up—the Galileans.

Although Galilee had been under Jewish law for hardly more than a century, it was there that the nationalist spirit burnt most strongly. The population was mixed and included a strong pagan element. Many were descended from foreign immigrants, or from the settlers which successive invasions had left behind. Of these the majority were Greeks. On the eastern side of the River Jordan, in the ten cities known as the Decapolis, the Greek influence was particularly strong.

The Jews of Galilee, absorbing something of these foreign customs and cultures, differed from their countrymen in other parts of Palestine in many ways. Most of them were bilingual, talking Greek as easily as their native Aramaic. They had their own system of weights and used a special currency. They were less strict about consorting with the heathen. They had their own laws of marriage. Their thick, guttural accent was peculiar to themselves. Above all, they saw more of the world. Judaea was a dead end, a place of dearth and desert; but all roads passed through fertile Galilee.

Because of all this the Galileans, although fiercely patriotic, were looked on with some scorn and even suspicion by the Judaean Jews. For these, this northern country was "Galilee of the Gentiles," a land profaned by foreigners. The Galilean was thought of as a disquieting character, a man to be watched. Sometimes the distrust was more explicit. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" was a proverb in the south.

GALILEANS could be distinguished from southern Jews as much by their nature as their habits. They were free and independent: a passionate and inquisitive people unaccustomed to take things as they found them. They liked new ideas and innovations and learned rapidly; but they were quick tempered and had a reputation for quarrelling and violence. Highlanders and fishermen, famous as hard workers, their physique was fine and their courage a byword. For such men the idea of revolution was endemic. It was the Galileans who most consistently tried to break the Roman power.

The accusations of backsliding with which the Judaeans charged them came from a clerical and academic idea of the Jewish duty. To such prisoners in the Law as were the Pharisees and scribes, the Galilean urge to impulsive action was frightening and unseemly. No good was thought possible from such hot-heads and trouble-makers. In Judaea, and for the priestly class, hope of deliverance lay in zeal for the Law. In Galilee, and for the people generally, hope of the Messiah lay in action.

Jesus, when he reached his own province, was already known locally as the carpenter from Nazareth, but he had also a growing reputation for being a remarkable young preacher. This was mainly due to the visit he had just made to the south. As usual, many Galileans had gone to Jerusalem for the Passover, and some had seen what Jesus had done there. They had, very naturally, talked about him when they got home, and this made his first reception favourable.

Like the Baptist's, the master theme of his message was a call for a change of heart. He used John's phrase: "The Kingdom of Heaven is near." In independent Galilee, where belief in redemption was so profound, such unconventional preaching found an immediate response. Unlike John, Jesus preached a message of hope and redemption, rather than fear and damnation.

It was not simply his own class and his own friends that sought him out. While he was in

Jesus stopped by the fishermen on the lake shore. "Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men," he called. Without hesitation, they dragged their nets ashore and joined him

Cana he had a curious visitor. This was a man who lived in Capernaum, an officer at the court of the tetrarch Herod Antipas. Hearing that Jesus had returned, he came up to Cana to ask his help. His case was pathetic, for his son was dying; he wished Jesus to leave for the city at once.

Jesus heard him out, then asked: "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe?"

But the officer insisted. "Sir," he implored him, "come down ere my child die."

Jesus saw that he believed. "Go thy way," he told him, "thy son liveth."

The officer set off at once, convinced that what Jesus had said was the truth.

Confirmation was not long delayed. As he went down the road through the hills, some of his servants met him; they had hurried up from Capernaum to tell him that his boy was alive. Their master asked them when the improvement was noticed. "Yesterday," they said, "at the seventh hour the fever left him."

That, the father realized, was the exact time at which Jesus had assured him that his son would recover. After this, not only the officer but his whole family believed.

JESUS, who was now ready to undertake his mission, travelled from Cana to Capernaum to organize it. One of the important things he had to do was to recruit a physical and spiritual bodyguard: a small band of those disciples whom he meant to keep closest to him. He found the first of them among the fishermen on the Sea of Galilee.

One day, as Jesus was walking along the lake shore, he saw several of these men at their trade. Some were fishing close in to the beach, standing waist deep in the warm water and throwing their circular drag-nets out in front of them. Others had sailed their craft into deeper water; others again were mending nets or checking tackle in their anchored boats. Jesus stopped by a couple who were using the hand-thrown drag-nets. They were two brothers, Simon—sometimes called Peter—and Andrew.

He called across to them peremptorily: "Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." Without hesitation, the brothers dragged their nets ashore and joined him.

Jesus had the nucleus of his team, but he needed more. Some distance farther on was another group; these were in their boat, bending over their nets. A family of three—Zebedee and his sons, James and John—they happened to be partners of the two brothers Jesus had just recruited.

Jesus used the same method, and with the same result. No sooner had they heard his voice than James and John climbed down and joined him, leaving the craft to their father and his crew.

With these disciples Jesus returned to Capernaum. No men better suited to his purpose could have been found in Palestine.

The Sea of Galilee, called variously the Lake of Tiberias or Gennesaret, was the heart of the province and one of the country's most vital centres. Surrounded by high cliffs of volcanic rock, it is thirteen miles long, eight miles wide and nearly seven hundred feet below sea level. The atmosphere in this enormous hole in the ground is close and sultry, inducing sudden and very violent storms. The shore was set with cities and towns closely packed together; between and behind these were woods, orchards and cultivated terraces. Industries were varied. There were tanneries, dye works and pickleries, but the most profitable and widespread activities were boat building and fishing.

Fish from the lake—mainly a sort of mullet—were famous; they were cured on the spot and sent all over Palestine. Boats were generally sailed by their owners, but many fishermen, such as the Zebedee brothers, could afford to man their craft with hired crews. The best fishing grounds, because of the hot springs and streams which entered it there, were at the northern end of the lake, round Capernaum. Catches could be considerable as the lake was rich in fish; the fishermen of Galilee were a prosperous and independent class.

With Peter, Andrew, James and John, Jesus was ready to begin his campaign. Its programme was strenuous. Jesus kept his centre in the city, but was to tour all over the country. Apart from the coastal plain of the lake and the Upper Jordan valley, the country is rugged and broken; once he leaves these a man is usually climbing. Because of the crowds that followed him, most of Jesus's meetings were in the open air. At other times, especially on the Sabbath, he talked in the synagogues.

The service in a synagogue was not strictly divine worship—which could only be celebrated in the Temple at Jerusalem—but an occasion for communal praise and religious instruction. A synagogue was a simple place. The hall, of moderate size, was decorated with sober frescoes displaying a theme of palms and stars. A central court contained a fountain for ablutions. The ark—the cabinet which held the rolled parchments of the Law—was surrounded by raised stalls: it was here that the seven members of the community who officiated at the service took their seats.

The service began with two benedictions, after which an extract was read from the Pentateuch, the five books of Moses which constituted the Law. This was translated by an interpreter into Aramaic. After this extract had been commented on, one of the members of the community read the prayer of the eighteen Benedictions.

Then followed a reading from one of the prophets, also interpreted into the local tongue. The final devotion was a recital of the blessing from the book of Numbers; this was sung standing by the congregation, their heads turned towards Jerusalem. The service was long, and could take a whole morning. When it was over, discussion and teaching began.

DRAMATICALLY, Jesus began his mission. On its first Sabbath he went to the synagogue at Capernaum. The synagogue in this city was unlike any other in the country, and was easily the finest Palestine possessed. The building was heathen in conception and style: it had been presented to the Jews by a wealthy Roman centurion stationed in Capernaum. Massive pillars with Corinthian capitals formed two aisles on each side of the central nave. More pillars supported the women's gallery at the northern end. The walls were decorated not only with the sacred emblems of the Jewish faith, but with pagan symbols of eagles and conch shells.

To a priest from Jerusalem the place was a profane horror, typical of the Galilean heretics. To the Galileans themselves, with their contempt of orthodoxy, it was a splendid synagogue and no worse for displaying a little heathen heraldry.

For his first important sermon, Jesus could not have chosen a more propitious place. When the time came, he stood up to preach. What he said was original: how he said it was startling. The people who listened were used to the dry, careful formality of the doctors of the Law: eternally repeated, eternally the same. Jesus, with his original approach and vigorous dignity, surprised and charmed them.

Among those listening was a man possessed by an unclean spirit. "What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?" he suddenly shouted. "Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God."

Jesus faced him. "Hold thy peace," he ordered, "and come out of him."

At this the demoniac was convulsed. He gave a loud cry and threw himself into the crowd. But the spirit had left him.

The incident caused a sensation. "What thing is this?" the people asked each other. "What new doctrine is this? For with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him."

The cure was like a coal dropped on dry grass. News about Jesus spread quickly—how quickly he was soon to find out.

AFTER leaving the synagogue he went straight to Simon's house in the town. One of the household was ill; Simon's mother-in-law was in bed with fever. When Jesus heard this he went and stood over her, taking her hand and telling the fever to leave her. Her temperature dropped so quickly that she was able to get up at once, well enough to wait on her family and guests.

The Law prohibited the smallest activity while the Sabbath lasted, even that of transporting the sick. But as soon as the sun was down below the hills above Gennesaret, the people flocked to Simon's house bringing their sick and blind and lame to be healed. It seemed as if the whole town was there, camped round the fisherman's door.

Jesus cured all who were brought to him by laying on his hands. There were demoniacs among them, like the man who had challenged him that morning in the synagogue. He cured these, too; but as the spirits squirmed clear of the flesh they recognized Jesus for what he was, crying out that he was the Son of God. For the moment this was not what he wanted, and he sternly ordered them not to speak of what they knew.

Early next morning, while it was still dark, Jesus left the house, cleared the town and reached open country, where he prayed for some time alone.

It was there that Simon and his companions found him later. The crowd had collected again, they told him: everyone wanted to know where he was.

But Jesus had other plans.

"Let us go into the next towns," he said, "that I may preach there also: for therefore came I forth."

A long journey had begun.

The second part of "The Life of Jesus" will appear as a Supplement inside John Bull next week

Robin Collomb, master of the mountains

by JACK ATACK

Across storm-torn passes and perilous slopes, he shows his pupils the way to the top—with the motto: "Never turn back"

WITH A GIRL PUPIL roped to him, Robin Collomb, a mountaineering tutor, was crossing a ridge on Le Râteau, one of the peaks of La Meije in the Dauphiné Alps, last August, when he was jerked off his feet. Ahead of him, the girl was sliding down a snow-covered slope towards a series of rocks 150 feet away.

Dragged along, Collomb began to brake by digging his ice-axe into the surface, and they came to a gradual halt. Saying nothing about the accident, the two continued their climb to the summit.

An athletic-looking Londoner of twenty-four, with thirteen years of climbing experience, Robin Collomb is one of forty-five tutors employed by the Mountaineering Association to instruct pupils in mountain climbing. In the last five years, he has taught more than two hundred people in the Lake District and the Dauphiné, Graian and Maritime Alps.

Working with inexperienced climbers, Collomb must foresee exactly where a slip may take place. Although he said nothing at the time of the accident on Le Râteau, he discussed the subject with his pupils that evening.

Walked On Side Of Foot

According to the girl, wet snow had clung to the bottom of her crampon—a spiked plate strapped to the shoe for walking on ice—and, acting like a roller-skate, had upset her. Collomb suggested that she had been walking on the side of her foot, applying only five of the crampon's ten points, and had slipped when she broke into the crust of snow.

"I did not question her at the time because—above all—a tutor must not destroy a beginner's confidence," he says. "But I brought up the subject later to show the pupils how a slip can occur."

Rock-climbing is an increasingly popular sport in Britain. There are from eight to ten thousand active climbers and ninety-eight officially recognized clubs in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. But accidents take a high toll. In the last three recorded years, sixty-nine people were killed and seventy-nine injured in British mountains.

"Beginners naturally apply their instincts, which are usually wrong," says Collomb.

While climbing Shepherd's Crag at Borrowdale with two others, he became anxious when one of them, a girl beginner, did not appear on a ledge below. He shouted to the other climber to give their rope a sharp tug. To his consternation, the rope came up around the corner—with nothing on the end.

Collomb went down to the second climber, who had a spare rope, tied one end of it round a projection of rock and the other round his waist, and started down the slope. Turning a corner, he was surprised to see the girl kneeling inwards on a narrow ledge and hugging a bush to support herself.

Girl Had Untied Rope

"Her feet were actually dangling over the ledge," he says. "If she had panicked and thrown her hands up, she would have fallen off and probably been killed. In fact, she would have kept her balance better if she had remained standing on the ledge with the rope fastened round her. By untying it and kneeling, she had done the worst thing possible."

At centres in the Lake District, North Wales and the Isle of Skye, beginners are taught route finding, map and compass reading, mountain rescue and first aid, rope management and elementary climbing. Abroad, instruction includes step-cutting in ice, kicking and cutting

Collomb's friends call him a "mountaineering machine." Although he was badly shaken by one fall, he insisted on finishing the climb

Abroad, Collomb teaches snow and ice technique. **Once he had to brake with his ice-axe on Snowdon—and saved himself from a hundred foot drop**

steps in snow, the use of ice-axe and crampons, team protection, glissading — a method of descending quickly by sliding on the heels of one's boots—glacier travel and general alpine mountaineering. In the intermediate and advanced courses more difficult climbs are used.

While keeping a firm hand on his pupils, Collomb has to maintain a tactful approach. "The strain of mountaineering brings out the best and worst in people," he says. "Sometimes it reveals a totally unexpected side of a person's character."

Among his colleagues, Collomb is known as a master psychologist. "He knows how each pupil will act under different conditions," says Mark Helfer.

Pupil Burst Into Tears

To teach step-cutting in the Alps this year, Collomb took a party up a snow ridge of the Pic de Neige Cordier. Each pupil was to cut six hundred steps. As the last pupil's turn came the slope steepened abruptly. Cutting quickly and accurately, the pupil reached the summit, where he crossed to a group of rocks, sat down, and burst into tears.

"Two of the others started towards him to find out what the trouble was," says Collomb. "But I called them back. I guessed that he was suffering from nervous exhaustion. After five minutes, he came back to the party and joined in taking photographs. Nothing was said about the incident, and in the end he turned out to be the best climber on the course."

At mountaineering centres, each tutor forms an independent training unit with his pupils. Courses last from seven to fifteen days.

Collomb frequently has to take a strict line with his pupils. Once, he was rounding the corner of a glacier when the party in front of him stopped. After the delay had lengthened to ten minutes he asked the man ahead of him what the trouble was. The message was passed along and the answer came back that one of the pupils had halted the party to take photographs. "I was livid. I passed the word along to start off at once. With the noon sun beating down, I knew we would be fatigued in no time."

Mountaineers climb each "pitch" or section of rock by making use of handholds and footholds. Collomb tells beginners that it is less strenuous to use a small handhold at shoulder level than a large handhold higher up.

Most safe holds are well established in Britain, but even experienced climbers can be fooled. Leading a party of three up Dow Crag at Coniston in 1949, Collomb was climbing Blizzard Chimney when a large rock projection on to which he was holding broke away and he fell twenty feet. Examining the rock in his hand, he found that it had been worn away by constant use—hundreds of climbers have ascended Blizzard Chimney—and had cracked.

Though badly shaken, Collomb finished the climb. "It is the unwritten law of mountaineering never to turn back. Those who do so often lose their nerve—and are finished."

Avalanches and bad weather conditions are considered the climber's chief enemies, but Collomb has earned a reputation for taking out parties when others have turned back. As gale force winds whistled through the gap at Styhead Pass in the Lake District one Christmas, he led a party of three across a narrow ledge, crawling on his hands and knees.

"The main thing to do in an emergency," Collomb tells his pupils, "is to make a quick decision and act on it without panicking."

During a route-finding exercise, his party had assembled on the high point of a rock ridge when one pupil noticed that another's hair was standing on end. As he shook his head, they heard a loud crackling. When the others removed their Balaclava helmets, their hair stood on end, too. Collomb immediately ordered them to remove any metal accessories they had on them.

"I had heard of climbers being knocked out by static electricity on heights," he says, "and it was obvious that we were in the centre of a fully charged area. We got off the ridge as quickly as possible."

Collomb's passion for climbing was first aroused during the war, when he moved to the Lake District. Some "unknown urge" sent him exploring the hills at the age of eleven. With two friends, he walked up High Pike one Saturday, was amazed at the view, and resolved to do more climbing. Since then he has climbed in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland and Italy, and ascended the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc and La Meije. "Robin is a mountaineering machine," says Mark Helfer. "His technique is flawless and his pace and durability are exceptional."

Collomb is also a hard taskmaster who drives his pupils to the point where they sometimes complain. Once, after a fresh snowfall had covered a slope where he had planned to practise step-cutting in ice, he roused his pupils at dawn and ordered them to clear off the snow with their ice-axes. "It was a back-breaking job," says a friend.

His determination once led Collomb into an embarrassing situation. Coming off Scafell Pike in a thick mist on his way to Borrowdale, he had descended half-way when he realized that the terrain was not familiar. Instead of consulting his map, he followed his instinct. He came out of the mist about four hundred feet above Wasdale, and realized that he had led his party of eight into the wrong valley. "In driving rain, we had to slog uphill for an hour to get back on course. I felt very sheepish."

To teach braking, tutors act as guinea pigs. After he has picked a gradually declining slope, free of rocks and crevices, Collomb flings himself down it. Then, digging his ice-axe—carried slung around one wrist—into the surface, he slowly arrests his fall.

Leg Gave Way On Slope

Following an accident three years ago, he always warns his pupils to watch carefully where they are heading.

He was descending Snowdon in a strong wind when he was stricken with cramp. Driving his axe into the snow for support, he worked the cramp off and, after a short delay, the party, unroped, continued down the slope. But at a steeper section Collomb's leg gave way and he found himself sliding at an alarming speed.

"I could hear the others shouting to me as I went," he says, "but I couldn't tell what they were saying. Concentrating on braking, I brought myself to a halt, then got up—and saw what they were shouting about. Two yards from where I had stopped, there was a hundred foot drop." THE END

Neon spells danger for Alfred Tatnell

by JOHN MAY

To fix up the bright lights, he runs the gauntlet of falling bricks, electric shocks and high winds. He spent six weeks erecting the biggest sign in Piccadilly—and forgot to switch it off

CONNECTING THE NEON LIGHTS over the entrance to a new cinema that was about to open in a Hertfordshire town, Alfred Tatnell, an electrician, crawled through a small hole that had been left in a wall beside the stairs. By the light of a candle, he worked for nearly an hour. Then, blowing out the candle, he squirmed round on his stomach and groped in the darkness for the way out. He found only solid wall.

While he had been working, a bricklayer had bricked up the hole.

Tatnell turned again. He lost his sense of direction. Then his searching hands found some metal panelling. He hammered on it with his fists and shouted. Eventually, another electrician heard him, tore down the bricks and helped him out. "For a moment," Tatnell recalls, "I felt the fear of death."

Tatnell, who was once left hanging by his hands from a neon letter thirty feet above a street, accepts as a hazard of his job the fact that "they always want neon in the most awkward places."

Takes Risks For £12 A Week

A hustling, rapid-speaking cockney of thirty-seven, he is one of 120 neon mechanics employed by Claude-General Neon Lights, Ltd., to erect and maintain electric signs and lighting. With overtime, they earn up to £12 a week.

In eighteen years with the firm, Tatnell has installed neon and fluorescent tubing in Britain and on the Continent, on water towers and aircraft beacons, in an underground station, in ships and under an aeroplane's wings, as well as on theatres, factories, hotels and office blocks.

Since a Frenchman named Georges Claude produced the first neon tube in 1910, neon has become the name for all signs in which an electric current passes luminously through a gas-filled tube. The gases used are rare ones that make up a few millionths of the atmosphere. Neon glows red, argon blue and helium yellow. In the early days, all the signs were filled with neon. Today, combinations of the three gases, tinted glass and glass tubes with internal fluorescent coatings produce a wide range of colours.

"We work with fourteen shades," says one of the firm's factory technicians. "Five reds, three blues, three greens, two whites and a yellow."

Neon signs run at voltages of up to five

Continued on page 45

Tatnell does much of his work in Piccadilly Circus, centre of London's "golden mile." Here, neon signs cost nearly £250,000 a year to run

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

the human race, depends on our performance. You can rely on me, old man."

"That's the spirit," Jim said, beaming fatuously as if he was the captain of the school giving a new boy the benefit of his patronage.

All this made me feel a little uneasy. What right had I to a grudging attitude? I *had* been selected to run, after all. It wasn't pleasant to overhear someone say to Oliver, the captain, "Bill Tyler is as sour as a spinster. They'd do better to leave him at home even if he was a world-beater, which he's not. What's the matter with him—envy?"

"Bill's all right," Oliver said. "He's not as likely a runner as Rackham, Chapman or even Wilkinson, but he knows what running's all about and that's what matters."

Which made me willing to do what Oliver told me even if I thought he was wrong. And, of course, he wasn't wrong.

Oliver told Jim Chapman to set Peter Rackham's pace and stick to it as long as he could; I was to shadow Vanetsky.

"You won't hold him for more than a lap, Bill, but do your best. He hates having his heels trodden on. It'll drive him, and we want him pushed too fast." He turned to Jim Chapman. "If Vanetsky goes away, just keep pacing Rackham, Jim. If he wants to change tactics you can run your own race. All right? All right, Bill?"

"Fine," I said. "What if Vanetsky and I lap the field?"

Oliver laughed. "I'll give your last message to the family," he said.

I AM usually nervous before a race. Before this one I felt deathly. My legs had turned into sausages and something seemed to be hatching out in my stomach.

Peter Rackham said to Jim, taking deep breaths: "It's stifling! I never run well on a heavy day." He drew in a huge lungful. "No *air*," he said.

Jim nodded, frowning, but managed a smile. "Don't worry, though, Peter. You can win on *any* kind of day."

Rackham shook his head irritably at this obtuseness. He wanted everyone to understand clearly that if he didn't win it wasn't because he was less than the world's finest runner, but because the weather had let him down. I thought the weather perfect, myself—dull grey cloud, a very faint breeze tickling the skin and a dry track underfoot.

I liked the look of Vanetsky. An imperturbable character: I couldn't imagine him caring whether you ran at his heels, his elbow or hopped on to his shoulders and sang hymns. He limbered up quietly and methodically, smiling when spoken to, saying nothing. I felt like a lump of wet porridge and longed to be finished altogether with running. I was twenty-six, time to be done with it. And then what? The days of solid effort to be a success in the professional world.

Damn the professional world! I looked round like a condemned man at the block and saw what a condemned man would have seen—too many faces. Only one comfort: they weren't there to watch me but Rackham, Vanetsky and Maily, in that order.

Vanetsky had the inside position, I was next, then Rackham, Baleas, Maily and Jim Chapman. At the start Baleas went like a scared rabbit and I wondered if he meant to do a "storming lap" and then drop out, banging himself on the back and choking with pride. But after a bit he remembered that running isn't as easy as flying in a dream and Jim Chapman went past, carrying out his part of the plan—pacing Rackham. The moment I began to stride I felt fine, my legs elastic and huge, my heart enormous. I quite forget the pain which would come later, and even wanted to laugh.

Vanetsky was no fool. If Jim was going to set the pace for Rackham, he could set it for Vanetsky, too. Vanetsky eased in between the pair of them. Well, my instructions were clear, whether Rackham liked them or not, so I went by and moved in behind

"Never mind, mister—I've found him!"

Vanetsky on his right, breathing hotly down his neck.

Rackham looked cross at being separated from Jim by two irrelevant objects, but I pretended not to care about Rackham. What surprised me was—I didn't feel the pace too hot. On the contrary, the exercise was cool and refreshing. Jim Chapman wouldn't make a mistake and go too slowly, and if he set the pace Rackham wanted, it would be too fast a pace for me: everyone said so. Yet there I was, lolloping along without a care in the world.

Maily came by me and then past Vanetsky, and stayed there in front of Jim, trying to slow the pace, I suppose. And that was the order at the end of the first lap: Maily, Jim Chapman, Vanetsky, me, Rackham, Baleas. Maily looked good. He had a loose, springy, heathery stride, graceful as a racehorse in contrast to Vanetsky's vigorous, lunging, head-wagging rush.

I was so busy watching what was going on that I hadn't time to bother about "me running," so the rhythm came easily, naturally, and I felt free, airy and chock-full of speed and stamina. I wasn't thinking, I wasn't worrying, I was just moving like a cloud with legs, and when Jim Chapman went past Maily at the turn I was surprised what heavy weather he seemed to make of it, all knees and elbows, head rolling like a drunk's.

Rackham couldn't risk being left next to last, with Vanetsky fifteen yards clear of him, and he came by looking pale and set. I thought: He's too tense, he won't do it.

MAILY wouldn't let him drop into a comfortable second place, but kept him running. Eventually Rackham fell in behind Maily, and I thought his loping stride too long today, as if he was anxious, taking too much out of himself.

We'd just run the second lap when Vanetsky let off one of his famous electric charges. Away he went as if on wheels, his smooth stride an alarming contrast to his ungainly arm and head action. That dash made me feel as if I'd gone suddenly into reverse. Past Rackham, past Maily, past Jim Chapman and off ahead went Vanetsky.

He couldn't keep it up, I knew that. He didn't even mean to; this was one of his sober jokes to throw a scare into us.

Still, my instructions were plain: I'd got to stick to Vanetsky like glue till I couldn't do it any more. It suddenly occurred to me that nobody had expected me to go this far; they had calculated that I would have dropped back long since.

Now, for the first time, I began to stride consciously, allowing myself an open determination. It did not even seem to me a mad one. I meant to win or bust. To hell with Vanetsky, Rackham and all the rest.

When I followed Vanetsky past Jim Chapman, I saw that Jim was done for. His eyes looked poached, his shoulders sagged and jerked. I began to feel the strain then myself. My heart began pounding like a double bass and my legs seemed to turn slowly to water. I looked up deliberately and focused a cloud, then blocked out consciousness of everything except Vanetsky. I forced my feet one after the other as if they belonged to a puppet I could move by will-power.

And that's how I slogged round, blind and deaf, *one two, one two,* and only woke when the bell went for the last lap, giving me such a shock that I half-stumbled, lost my rhythm and nearly dropped out altogether.

Alive again, I saw Jim Chapman so far back that he seemed to be in some other race which had just begun. And Jim was our second string! What was I doing in second place at the beginning of the last lap? I was in no fit condition to find an answer to that one. Baleas was behind Jim, but where Rackham and Maily were I had no idea, and I daren't look.

Was Vanetsky really in trouble, or just foxing? I was still wondering when Maily gave me something else to think about by popping up by my elbow. I let him go, and stuck to Vanetsky. And after Maily came Rackham. Damned fool, I thought. Maily was trying a trick to break him and Peter Rackham was falling for it. I could have cried. Maily slowed immediately he was clear of us, not because he wanted to but because he couldn't help it—he'd got no more yeast in him.

Suddenly, neither had I.

Peter Rackham was in front now, and the crowd roared, thinking he would go away from us, but it was too early for that. He hated running in front, he hadn't intended to, Maily had put him there, and he was unhappy as hell. He began wheeling off round the turn and I saw Vanetsky's head roll, sure sign he was going for the burst.

I'm done for, I thought. I've got nothing left. I'd already done better than ever before in my life. It was Peter Rackham's job to win. If I could get past Maily and make third place I'd done myself proud. But I knew suddenly that Peter Rackham couldn't do it. He was spent. I knew that as certainly as if *I* was Peter Rackham.

With three hundred yards to go, Vanetsky was up to Rackham's elbow, milling along with every limb wagging and waving full steam ahead. And I had to go after him. My legs weren't water now—far from it; they had solidified into lead. My lungs weren't part of me any more, but a pair of bellows belonging to some doppelganger who was working them painfully loud and hard. My head seemed to swell and shrink. I had the illusion that I actually saw it swelling and shrinking horribly like some jellyfish in a nightmare.

I'll black out, I thought, then all this will be over. And then: I've gone too far; if I black out now I'll never come round. And then I saw that Vanetsky wasn't foxing. He just couldn't pitch the pace any higher; his stride had lost resilience, he was wading through treacle. *One two, one two,* I told myself, and went after Vanetsky. I didn't care now about winning; it was running the race through to a finish that I was concerned with, jumping so far *into* the race that I would come out with the full meaning of it.

WITH eighty yards to go I caught Vanetsky. I heard a noise like sea-surge. Whether it was the crowd or my blood-pressure I had no idea then, but I know now. I couldn't see Vanetsky, I couldn't see anything at all; I didn't know what Rackham was doing, I'd forgotten all about him. Vanetsky tried to stave me off. I felt *his* effort although I couldn't feel my own. I couldn't drop him. He was at me, at me all the time, and I felt my mind blowing away from my body like thistledown. I called it back but it wouldn't come; it was drifting off into darkness.

When I fell, I fell into someone's arms and heard him grunt with the shock. I had a dim notion that I'd swayed off the track among the officials.

It was only when I swam back into this life with a vague breast-stroke that I had any inkling of what had happened. Rackham told me. His face was livid.

"What the hell was the idea," he said, "trying to stave me off and hog the race?"

I gawped like a doped fish, and fastened on Oliver, the captain; he had the sort of face which will give an answer.

"You won, Bill," Oliver explained. "Four minutes dead. Peter was second, Vanetsky third."

"Vanetsky. . . ." I felt myself sucked right down among the crabs and polyps. "I thought. . . ." But I couldn't express what I thought. So that was the sea-surge—the crowd cheering on Peter Rackham to pass me and win! And he hadn't been able to do it, as I had known instinctively. Incredibly, I had won. I had beaten Rackham and Vanetsky. I had run a mile in four minutes. Looking dazedly round at them, I knew that I could never do it again. I had made my gesture. It was time for the Stern Things Of Life. THE END

The only way . . .

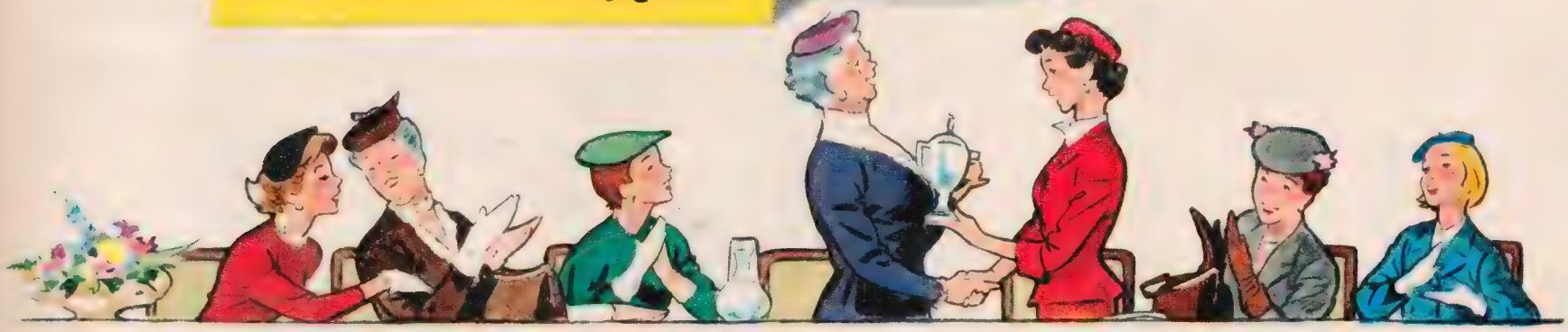
to make sure of your copy of JOHN BULL every week is to place an order. Demand is growing all the time. Fill in this coupon *now*.

TO NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSTALL: PLEASE DELIVER/RESERVE JOHN BULL EVERY WEEK

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....



"Fancy! I never realised Ann was such a good cook!"

"Ah—gets it from her mother. *She's* a genius at choosing ingredients."

"Congratulations! Your recipe certainly deserves the First Prize."

"Oh, thank you Ma'am!" (*Thinks: it's almost cheating—it was* **Batchelors** *wonderful flavour that really won the prize!*)

THE WINNING RECIPE

Batchelors Bacon Beano!

Fry together slowly 2 finely chopped onions and 2 coarse-chopped rashers; stir in contents of a large can of Batchelors Baked Beans and heat. Serve piping hot on fried bread or toast. Garnish with chopped celery or parsley. Makes three tasty helpings.

***Change to Batchelors** wonderful **Baked Beans**—for good!*

BB 11/80

Why

we always have Ricory

In some ways our family is rather Continental in its tastes. We like the added zesty tang that chicory gives to good coffee. That's why we always have Ricory. Another thing: when we want a hot coffee drink we usually want it *quickly*—without fuss or bother. That's where Ricory scores again. The clean golden powder dissolves like magic as you pour on hot water. And Ricory cheers Mum up by keeping grocery bills down. *Hurrah for Ricory!*

Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of the soluble solids from coffee and chicory, powdered with added dextrins, maltose and dextrose.

2½ MEDIUM SIZE

you must try Ricory

RI4

NESTLÉ'S NEW COFFEE AND CHICORY DRINK

SHOOT FIRST!

Continued from page 20

could hardly keep his eyes open while talking. His face was as grey as his hair. I hated myself for insisting. "All right," he sighed, "but please don't upset them. They've had quite a time."

They were sitting around in twos and threes. Some wandered aimlessly from group to group. They, too, had that tired look of the concentration camp. It was as though they had seen the horrors of a lifetime in those three days.

No Answer Came

The sergeant-major shouted for a roll-call. They stood in a ragged line, no two men dressed alike. The sergeant-major read from a list, and as a man's name was called he stepped forward and marched across to the far side of the compound. When a man's name was called twice and there was no reply, I could have filmed the silence. I saw tears on those tough, dirty faces; saw men bow their heads as a mate's name was called, and no answer came.

The roll-call over, they sat under the trees, still tired and stunned. I saw one of them holding a guitar. "What about a tune?" I said, expecting him to smash the instrument over my head.

"Yes, give us a tune, Pat," a voice supported me.

Pat, as though afraid of betraying his dead friends, self-consciously strummed at the four strings, and they were still in tune. Soon all were singing. Their fine voices harmonized the popular tune "Cuanto le Gusta," with its refrain, "We won't come back."

In some sort of way these words were an epitaph for the Ulsters who would not come back. As I drove away, the Ulsters' strong voices followed me across the bumpy track. They sang themselves to sleep that night, and they didn't need rocking.

Next morning it was "business as usual" for the 29th Brigade. Depleted of manpower, short of arms and ammunition, they were re-formed and given an area to hold on the Kimpo Peninsula. Within days they were a fighting unit once again. There was no resentment this time when they saw the camera. They waved and cheered. The moment of shock had given way to the feeling of justifiable pride. These were the men who saved the United Nations front on the Imjin. They knew it and were proud of it.

The Road Back

Within two weeks we knew the Chinese would not push farther. The road to the south was safe. Eighth Army Headquarters were not slow to react, and General Van Fleet set the United Nations troops rolling forward again.

Driver Farran tucked my jeep in the 29th Brigade convoy. For they were going back to the Imjin, back to the battleground of a month ago. Their new positions were on the Imjin River. Gloster Hill was in the centre of their front. But now things were better; a division was covering the front which before was held by only a brigade.

It was an uncanny day when they drove through the old battleground. Each bend of the track exposed more debris. The smell of the bodies of our dead filled the warm air. Already they were partially hidden, for the hills were bright with flowers, rice was shooting up through the neglected paddy fields, the hill scrub was green with leaf and bright with new blooms.

The men in the burial parties worked quickly, fighting the swarms of flies that crawled over the hillside. They worked with reverence, trying even yet to recognize a face, to find an identification badge. Then they buried the dead beside the road in shallow graves, a number their only epitaph.

Beside the road I found a small cross, made from a Naafi box. In pencil was written: "Colonel Kingsley Foster." He commanded the Fusiliers.

I made a shot of the grave and cross, hoping it would give some comfort to the relatives and friends who might see it on the television screen. As I held the camera for a close-up, a soldier gently placed a bunch of wild spring flowers on the grave. In the background was a valley which, four weeks ago, was the scene of violent death. That day, it was a place of flaming beauty and peace. . . .

The Korean war, as it dragged on, resolved into a type of trench warfare. Troops on both sides dug in and made their homes in the sides of rocky hills. The war became stabilized with two huge armies watching each other across the interminable line of hills.

But although the front was stabilized, the battle for survival still went on for the South Korean people. As there was yet a possibility of full-scale Communist attacks, no civilians were allowed to live within a ten-mile belt along the front. Seoul, the capital, was still out of bounds to civilians. The danger of disease from lack of sanitation was the chief reason for this, for there were no public services as such in Seoul, no electricity, water or transport. It was still a shell of a town.

Mr. Kim's Story

It is possible after being a newsreel cameraman for a number of years to take a completely detached view of the stories that one films—even to raise a laugh when the subject is no laughing matter. It's a sort of protective cloak that one affects. "When the camera is put away in its case, then the story is forgotten." But not in Korea. Nothing can erase the misery of these people from the memory.

Mr. Kim was a farmer who spoke moderate English. He had been imprisoned by the Japanese during their occupation and was freed after two years in solitary confinement. By hard work he had got a small farm going just outside Seoul, on the Kimpo Peninsula. His marriage was successful and he had three children. When the war started he had many cows and ducks, and Mr. Kim was prosperous and respected by his neighbours.

When I met him, his two sons had been killed by the Communists during their first occupation of the town. His daughter was killed by United Nations artillery. Our bombs destroyed his farmhouse and killed all his livestock. Mr. Kim was looking for a job of some kind and, because of his English, tried to become an interpreter. He asked not to be sent far away, as his wife had lost her senses after an air raid and she needed him most of the time.

"If you have to retreat again," he said, "please do not liberate us any more. It costs too much."

There is a rubbish dump on the banks of the Han River just outside Seoul, where, every morning, the trash and garbage trucks drive down the ramp to discharge their smelly cargoes. It was first used as a dump eighteen months before I went there with my camera. I arrived at dawn and walked knee deep through the ordure. A cloud of flies followed me as I staggered through to what can best be described as a tent.

The flies hung like a black blanket over the tent, and the smell of garbage was stifling. I made a shot of the dump and the tent. The noise of the camera mechanism disturbed the inhabitants, and the tattered rag door was pulled to one side. I filmed a scabby young face looking out and yawning. This Korean boy of about eight showed no interest in the camera. The flies settled on his face and he did not brush them off.

Like A Scarecrow

Stiffly, he crawled out into the foul air and stretched again. His clothes hung on him like a tattered scarecrow. Behind him crawled four more children. Once their heads had been shaved, now the strong black strands of hair stood straight out like hedgehog quills. Huge white sores covered their legs and necks. They scratched themselves unconsciously, looked around, then set off on all fours looking for breakfast.

Their limbs sank into the filth as they turned it over with thin scabby hands. Anything that was remotely edible they salvaged and threw into a big iron cooking pot. First a piece of greasy paper—it might some time have been the outer wrapping from a tin of

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details below, can you provide each man with his potted biography—and his name? The answers are on page 37.

BORN:
A. Forty-two years ago in Pittsburg, U.S.A., son of a gramophone company executive.
B. Forty-five years ago in London, an architect's son.

FIRST JOB:
C. Selling wall tiles.
D. Laying bricks.

HAS SAID:
E. "My aim is to make women appear not so young as to be uninteresting and not so old as to be a bore."
F. "You have to work hard for what you get. And it must be planned work, based on a firm foundation of natural talent or desire."

FAMOUS FOR:
G. His choreography, acting, singing, dancing, writing and directing.
H. Making Sheridan's house the background for beautiful women.

bacon, now it was a sheet of slime. Here was a piece of rotting orange peel. It all went into the grey porridgy-looking mess which bubbled over the fire.

They ate the filth as though it were a delicious spread, and when the meal was finished they prepared for the day's work—the work of keeping alive.

With their beggars' tins they headed for the P.X. and I followed them to continue filming the story of Korea's children. The Post Exchange, or P.X., is a "super" Naafi, where the American troops can buy anything from motor-cars to popcorns. The Seoul branch was not as well equipped as most, but to the Korean it was a sugar-coated fairy palace.

On sale here were watches, tinned food, cameras, toilet articles, nylons—all the things that no longer existed in the Korea of the Koreans.

Stole To Survive

From dawn till dusk the Korean children crowded outside the P.X., engaging the American soldiers. They begged, they stole, they picked pockets for a dozen Korean Fagins, who housed the kids in filthy dormitories and threw them out into the street at dawn to begin their day's work. It was no crime for them to steal, for to steal was to survive, and who could punish a child for learning how to live when his parents were dead?

I filmed my four children begging and shoe cleaning. I saw them getting in position to "frisk" a drunken G.I. But my presence with the camera deprived them of six months' food.

Little girls, a couple of feet high, with such an old expression on their pinched faces, lined both sides of the exit door. Every G.I. gave something as he came out. Good-natured, long-legged soldiers, mystified by their own presence in the Korean war, they did not know the reasons for all the suffering, but saw in these children a chance for tender and sentimental expression.

Fathers in the States became "fathers" again for a few minutes when they sat on the kerbside and fed caramels to the half-starving kids. But the trade union of children was strong—when the recipients of the sweets saw a pickpocket working toward the pay-roll of their benefactor, they said nothing. But when the job was done they ran off claiming a share of the spoils.

Korea was full of war orphans, living like stray dogs, unregistered and neglected. There was no difficulty finding them. They were on every street corner, surviving the war, the lack of food and the harsh winters.

But as the war went on, the picture changed. United Nations relief organizations moved in to attempt to give some aid to these distressed people. The problem was a tremendous one—refugees were so numerous that their resettlement was problem enough, and it was some time before officials could get around to dealing with the stray dogs that were the children.

They Were Bandits

And by then the children, in the same way as any other group of human beings who have developed self-reliance, had become independent. They liked their adventurous life. They had their gangs and leaders. They had no restrictions put on them by well-meaning adults. They were free and they were bandits.

When they were asked to go to orphanages they refused, until it was necessary for the relief staffs to form press gangs. They searched the streets in army trucks and swooped on the gangs and forcibly carried them off to the orphanages which were being established throughout South Korea.

A battle developed as the dead-end kids of Seoul took to the sewers and the relief workers closed in on them. I went out on a "raid" one day with Captain Geisinger, of United Nations Civil Assistance Command, and it was many hours before we found any children. But as the morning progressed we picked up one or two here, another from the market, and the remnants of a gang which had been broken up several days previously. By noon we had a truckful.

Among them was a young girl, aged five or six at the most, carrying her young brother on her back. They all sat in the truck, some glowering, some crying. The little girl and her brother were silent and expressionless. I could see the sores all over her head and over the baby's arms.

The Korean interpreter—a man so touched by the scene that he cried while talking to them—tried to put them at ease. He told them of the orphanage they were going to, how they would be well looked after, fed, clothed and given a real bed to sleep in. From their expressions it was clear they didn't believe him. They had become children again and were very much afraid.

The truck left the centre of Seoul and wound up a narrow dusty track through the suburbs of the city, but the children took no notice of the direction in which they were going, or of the Palace, with its tile-topped wall. The truck stopped at a stone-stepped entrance to the orphanage, and I ran on ahead with the camera to get a shot of their expressions as they came through the gate.

He Began To Cry

On the small square of watered and trodden-down earth the orphans were on parade. Dressed in clean white pinafores, they stood awaiting the new arrivals, who came reluctantly up the steps. As they set foot in the garden the orphans bowed from the waist. It seemed impossible for children to have so much dignity. Slowly they bowed again and then began to clap. I kept the camera on the street-kids' faces, trying to get their mixed expressions.

One young "tough"—the most difficult of all to capture—watched with suspicion in his eyes, furtively looked round for the snag, but there was none to see. Slowly his dark oval eyes welled up, and he began to cry. The tears streamed down his flat face; he struggled to keep them back, but the back of his hand was non-absorbent.

Then he led his urchin gang in a

"A Ronson makes a man's Christmas . . . and a girl's!"

says BARBARA KELLY

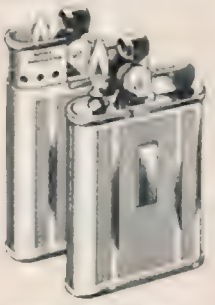
"I've polled the male side of my family," confides this attractive, bubble-haired star of stage, radio and TV, "and all agree nothing makes a man's Christmas cheerier than finding a Ronson on the tree. From the feminine angle, I'd like to say that goes for *us* too (hint)!" Here are five top-of-the-bill Ronsons. There are many more to choose from.

Ronson *Flo-line*, new-shaped, contemporary styling with greater Ronsonol capacity. Finished in satin chromium, 38/6. Other finishes available.

Ronson Whirlwind. The telescopic windshield lets you light up in any breeze. As shown, 50/-. Other finishes from 43/6.

Ronson Adonis, slim as a fine watch, beautifully finished as good jewellery. As shown, 50/-. Other finishes available.

Ronson Wedgwood for the home—a Ronson in a bowl of charming blue and white Jasper ware. As shown, 4 guineas. Smaller model 3 guineas.



Ronson Pipemaster. Made for the pipe smoker; with extra large fuel capacity and windshield. As shown, 50/-. Leather-covered, 55/-.

so this Christmas make it a **RONSON**

For your own protection—look for the trade mark **RONSON** World's Greatest Lighter

*on Hall's Wine of course

Your very first glassful of rich, red Hall's Wine sends a reviving glow of strength right through you; starts you on the quick road to health.

For Hall's Wine is genuine imported wine—enough to do you a power of good by itself. Then, Hall's Wine is enriched with certain vitamins you must have; two wineglassfuls of Hall's Wine give you your day's requirement of them.

You can read what they are on the label; your doctor knows their value!

Give Hall's Wine the chance to prove what marvellous good it can do you—and how quickly!

How glad you will be, as you enjoy its delicious flavour, its comforting warmth and richness, that you started on this wonderful quick way to get really well!

HALL'S WINE

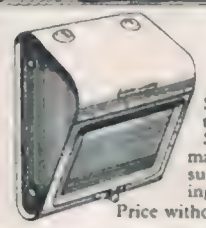
does you a power of good!

NOW ONLY **13/6** *a bottle* *Smaller size* **7/3**

Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3 (38)

Christmas Gift "aces"

FOR FACES AND PLACES



ILFORD JUNIOR DARKROOM LAMP

Specially designed for the home darkroom. Safelights size 5" x 7" may be changed to suit developing or printing processes.

Price without safelight **£1.14.6**

ILFORD PHOTO OILS

Have you ever tried colouring your photographs in oils? Here's a complete set containing nine tubes of oil colours, reducing medium, etc., and two brushes, which will give you hours of endless enjoyment.

Price: **12s. 8d.**

ILFORD AMATEUR GLAZER

A flat-bed glazing machine that gives the perfect finish to your prints. For use on 200 250 volts AC DC. Takes a 10" x 14" glazing sheet.

Price: **£5.12.6.** Glazing sheet extra **17/6**

ILFORD HP3 FILM

For taking Faces and Places at Christmas and all winter, remember to get a roll of HP3 film. This high-speed panchromatic film fits all popular cameras.

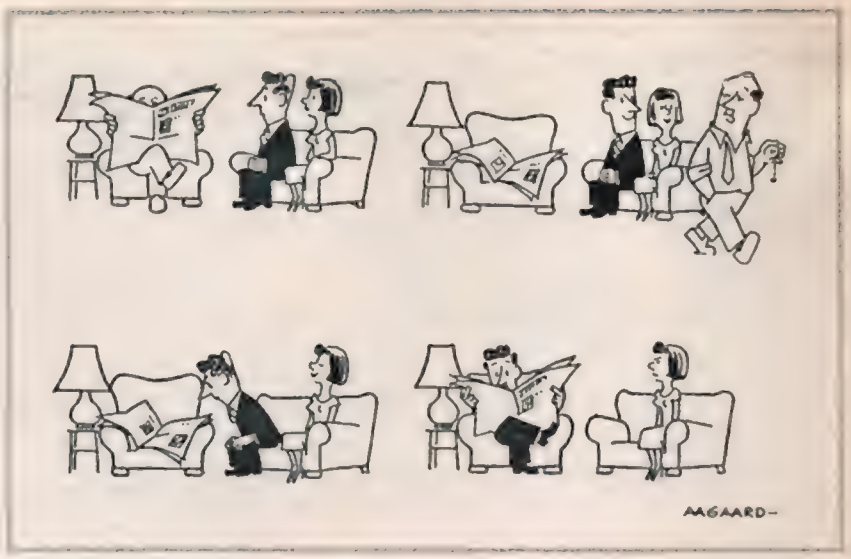
ILFORD LIGHT-WEIGHT TRIPOD

Telescopic tripods with 4, 5 or 7 sections. Reversible head for English or Continental camera threads, and detachable rubber toe caps. Weight 12¼ ozs.

From **71/-** to **94/6**

ILFORD

PHOTOGRAPHIC ACCESSORIES



return bow. But still he was slightly suspicious, and put his arm round the young friend who stood at his side. It was a protective gesture which seemed to say: "All right, I've fallen for this line, but don't you try any tricks on young Song here."

They were all named Song, Lee or Kim. I made a close-up of the little girl who still bore her brother straddled on her back. She was emotionless. The baby grizzled—it was lunchtime. A Korean nurse took them both to the kitchen and fed them while the other new arrivals went to be bathed. The Korean nurses treated them gently, turning them over to wash behind the ears. Sometimes they lathered to laughter, and at other times to tears. Some of those children had not been washed for a year.

Little Miss Pak

In the meantime, the established orphans crowded round the new arrivals, asking questions.

"What's your name?"

"Where have you come from?"

"Did you come through Uijonbu?"

Question after question they fired at the bathing children. Were they just curious, or trying to get information about their homes and families?

From the bath they went to the doctor, who cleaned up the running sores which were on every limb. He injected them and inspected them for disease. It was here we heard the story of Miss Pak, the little girl who carried her brother.

But it wasn't her brother. Little Miss Pak lived up in Hawchon, part of the Iron Triangle sector, named on account of the hard battles that were fought there. Her mother and father were killed by a bomb. She never saw her brother again. So after the explosion she began to walk, not in any particular direction, but just following the other people.

On the way she saw a baby boy sitting in the road crying. She picked him up, slung him on her back and kept on walking. She did not remember how she'd got to Seoul, or how long it had taken, but the Iron Triangle was over a hundred miles away from Seoul!

They all settled in quickly, went to their dormitories, looked around and had some lunch. Then it was playtime. I watched Miss Pak as she picked up her adopted brother and joined a number of girls who sat in a ring singing. She watched for a while, then, dumping her "brother" among the others, went to the centre of the ring and began to dance to their song. Gracefully she swayed, lifted a foot and put it down with dainty precision, stepped this way and that, while her small hands moved in graceful arcs in the manner of Eastern dancing.

As she finished the other children applauded, and Miss Pak sat down and began to go through her adopted brother's head for fleas. Then, smiling, she seemed to realize there wouldn't be fleas now—not in the orphanage. Again she joined in the singing, clapping her hands to the strange rhythm of the Korean song.

Not all the Korean children were afraid or suspicious of orphanages. Some of them walk miles and miles, hoping to find adult care and attention. We met one of them on the outskirts of Seoul as we returned from the front one day. He waved to the jeep, so we stopped to pick him up. As we reversed he ran towards us, then stopped nearly breathless. He looked up at me with almost blind eyes.

"Awfiidge," he said. "Awfiidge, havva yes?"

It was minutes before we understood, then it dawned. "Orphanage havva yes," we told him.

Later that night he tucked himself into bed—a straw mat on the floor with a huge army blanket covering him. He'd been washed, injected, clothed and fed, but what was more important, he'd been cared for by an adult. He was no longer wandering, hoping to find a parent.

These stories of the Korean children had a strong effect on television viewers in Britain and America.

After the evening meal at home, feeling full and satisfied, they switched on their sets, and there on the small screen they saw these dreadful scenes. It was no longer necessary to go to the cinema to see the newsreel. It was there, part of their home. The response was gratifying, and although the newsreel's function is not to ask people to subscribe to charities, the mere showing of those stories prompted people to subscribe to the welfare funds for Korean orphans.

The United Nations Civil Assistance Command opened up a number of field kitchens for elderly people and young children, and it was at one of these that I made another touching film story. The kitchen was in a small woodyard on the outskirts of Seoul, and an hour before the food was due to be ready the old people and their children began to queue with that subjective patience which they always show on such occasions.

The Last Grain

Among them was an old man who carried a tin pot. His clothes were ragged, his old fur hat almost bare of fur; he stood silently waiting his turn. When he was served he ran to a nearby bench, stuffed the food into his mouth, packing it down as quickly as his toothless jaws would allow.

When he'd finished his ration he went back and stood at the end of the queue for more. The other old people, some of them hardly able to walk, stumbled back along the streets towards their hovels, grateful for the bowl of rice and meat. As I left I made a close-up of the toothless old man trying to get the last grain of rice from the sticky bottom of the tin.

It was while filming this kind of story in Korea that I felt able in some way to help in this catastrophic conflict which seemed to be serving little purpose except to uphold a principle which should never have been in doubt.

Often I think of Farmer Kim, of Seoul, when he said: "Please do not liberate us any more. The cost is too great."

NEXT WEEK: I film the Queen on Coronation Day

THE TERROR DOWN BELOW

Continued from page 9

from Moresby, who had gone down to save his diver from the jaws of a giant clam but had failed, had nearly drowned himself. Another had come from Darwin to try his luck, and had wrenched one pearl from the sea floor, a pearl that brought him £15,000—but his diver lost both hands to a grouper.

Always the stories were the same—a diver getting torn to shreds by a shark, or getting his hands bitten off by a grouper, or getting caught and held in the jaws of a giant clam down in those green-hell depths.

Komon was lining up the boys by the air pumps. Old Happy was inspecting the line couplings to the divers' helmets.

Steve's fears quickened for a moment. He thought of the native at Daru who had traded a fabulous pearl for an aluminium pot and egg-beater. When asked where he had got the pearl, the native explained that the devils at Bad Water Place were asleep one day and he had stolen a shell from the ocean floor.

Steve wondered if the devils would be asleep today—just long enough to give him and Big Tork a chance to get a few baskets of shell, even just one basketful.

BIG TORK was already in his suit when Steve came over. Komon helped him into the clammy leggings and sleeves. Then Steve sat down and waited for the massive lead shoes to be placed for him to step on.

Old Happy was eyeing them. "Listen, both of you," he said. "I want you to signal regularly. I'll be on your line, Steve. Komon on yours, Tork." He paused while the big native lifted the helmet and fitted it over Tork's head. The Aussie grinned at them out of the open front glass.

Happy went on: "You'll go down first, Tork. Work towards the——"

Steve listened, absently. The skipper had given them these instructions over and over again, occasionally with a sarcastic remark thrown in—"Trouble is, you young ones think you know it all. One or two practice dives, and you think you're an expert."

Steve glanced sideways at the big Aussie. Tork's belt was on, and his shoes were strapped. He was washing his hands in the pail of soda water. The skipper was talking to him, leading him to the ladder, helping him over the side. Steve felt sweat stand out on his own face as Tork's helmet sank out of view. Komon stood by the rail, tending the lines. The pumps were going.

Steve's own lead shoes were now strapped on, then the heavy waist belt. He lifted one weighted foot, then the other. "O.K.," he said. He held out his arms for Happy to check the tight wrist bands.

"Want a cigarette?" Happy asked glumly.

Steve shook his head.

Hesitatingly, the skipper said: "Keep your head, Steve—no matter what happens down there. Tork can take care of himself, but you're——"

"This trip'll be good experience, Happy," Steve cut in, and smiled.

Happy's face twitched slightly. "Remember that a shark's a coward. If one comes near, dump your air to chase it. Keep a sharp lookout. The grouper is a bottom fish, and lazy. If you see one, close your valve and signal for air. Float up right away."

There was more advice, and more, as there had been back in port. He listened. Happy put the pail of soda water before him. "Wash your hands good."

The soda water wash wouldn't last long in the sea—after that, the grouper's habit of sniffing out a diver's hands and biting them off. . . .

Steve tapped the copper helmet beside him. "Come on. Get this pot on me."

The skipper lifted the helmet and fitted it expertly to the metal breastplate of Steve's suit, and again checked the air-line couplings.

"Ol good!" Komon called over his shoulder. "To'k on bottom. Ol good!"

Old Happy led him to the wooden ladder. Weighed down with the lead shoes and waist belt, Steve walked slowly, clumsily. Happy closed the front glass and tapped the helmet in a gesture of good luck.

A sense of helplessness gripped Steve. Inside the helmet the rhythmic *clack-clack, clack-clack* of the air pump plunger seemed far away. This would be the one solitary sound coming down to him from the outside world. He went step by step down the ladder.

When the sea covered his front glass, he glanced up to see Happy and Komon gazing down at him. Then another step and the silent undersea world appeared like a wavy phantom screen of fading brightness. He could see the length of the lugger's hull, Big Tork's lines swaying away from the bow, and not far from him the baskets and crowbars being lowered. He let go of the ladder and sank slowly downward.

He should have signed on the inter-island freighter, he told himself miserably. And if he wanted any part of pearling, Happy should have fished off the more sheltered lagoons.

Steve felt the light tug on his life line as Old Happy, acting as his tender, took up the slack. He looked up and saw the dark shape of the hull drifting away from him. Sweat rolled down his neck when he thought of the dangers awaiting him below.

Suddenly the line gave a sharp, hard tug, momentarily snapping him around, then he fell free. What had been a bright undersea world changed to a thick soupy gloom. He wondered why the lines had been tugged back so hard. The hard coral floor struck his feet and the current toppled him over. He fought to get up.

STANDING, fighting the current, he felt the lack of air. Inside the helmet a hollow hum sounded—there wasn't the faintest trace of the rhythmic *clack* of the air pump. Sensing that something was wrong, he reached up and closed off the air valve, then the exhaust valve. He found the lines, and began pulling them to him. They ended in his hands. He lifted both ends, the life and air line, to the front glass and looked at their jagged edges.

He warned himself not to let panic grip his mind. His lines had snapped. Why? With the reduced air pressure, he could feel the water seeping into the old suit through the many cracks around the leggings, the water already covering his ankles. "My luck," he said half-aloud; the hollow booming sound of his own voice inside the helmet startled him.

In the gloom, not far ahead, Steve saw Big Tork fighting the current and moving slowly towards him. Tork came on, his hands working a hitch in the line trailing behind him. He put a finger in front of Steve's glass and pointed up, then looped the line under Steve's arms.

The line tugged and Steve felt himself pulled up. A feeling of relief swept through him, a tremendous feeling of gratitude to the big Aussie and the men on deck.

Old Happy flipped open the front glass of Steve's helmet. "You all right?"

"Sure." Steve tried to control himself. "Give me a cigarette. Tell me what happened." He looked past the skipper to the ladder, where Komon was helping Big Tork to the deck.

"We'll wait awhile," was all Happy said.

There wasn't much talking after

WHO'S WHO?

B C E H are the clues on page 35 which help to identify the man on the left as Hardy Amies, fashion designer, and dressmaker to the Queen. His collections are modelled in what was once the home of Sheridan, the playwright.

A D F G identify the man on the right as Gene Kelly, versatile Hollywood star.

roll tip

finest value in
BALL POINT PENS
(and refills too!)

MODEL 22 2/-

PRICES from 1/3

RETRACTABLES from 2/-

Available from stationers, newsagents, stores everywhere
(INC. W. H. SMITH & SON, BOOTS, BRITISH HOME STORES, ETC.)

PENKALA PRODUCTS, LTD.,
140/144, LANCEFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.10.

This Christmas choose CIRO JEWELS

Ciro Pearls & Jewels are the only effective substitutes for real and Ciro designs have never, never been more beautiful than now. Though you may pay more for a Ciro Jewel than for an ordinary imitation the Ciro Jewel will have an aura of reality lacking in the other. Send for our New 80 page Introductory Catalogue

Star of Associated British-Maria Zampi's 'Happy ever After' even the lovely Miss Yvonne de Carlo looks lovelier in a necklace of Pearls

★★★★★★★★★★

CULTURED PEARLS

A splendid consignment of fine cultured real pearls has lately arrived. These pearls have been expertly selected and are about to be offered with our 'Lifetime Guarantee' at prices which will represent the best value for 14 years

★★★★★★★★★★

Ciro Pearls & Jewels are obtainable in the British Isles only from the Ciro Pearl & Jewel Shops listed below and By Post.

LONDON: 48 Old Bond St. & 178 Regent St. W.1
and at 61a Brompton Road, Knightsbridge
MANCHESTER: 14 St. Ann's Square
GLASGOW: 95 Buchanan Street
and Ciro Pearl & Jewel Shops on the premises of

Jenners EDINBURGH	Robinson & Cleaver . LIVERPOOL
Switzers . . DUBLIN	Robinson & Cleaver . BELFAST
Howells . CARDIFF	Robinson & Cleaver BOURNEMOUTH
Heelas . . . READING	Beatties . WOLVERHAMPTON
Schofields . LEEDS	Bentalls . KINGSTON-ON-THAMES
Browns . . CHESTER	Bainbridges . NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
Dingles PLYMOUTH	Griffin & Spalding . NOTTINGHAM
Thornton Varley HULL	Brown Muffs . . . . . BRADFORD
and at BRIGHTS OF BRISTOL	

send for new 80 page catalogue

To CIRO, 48, Old Bond St. London W.1
Please send your Catalogue to:-

MR. MRS. MISS _____
BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

_____

11/12 _____

He's on a long run. *He'll be glad of the beefy Bovril sandwiches that Mrs. Fudgell made up. They're full of nourishment.*

"It's Bovril or nothing with my man"

says Mrs. Fudgell of Bristol

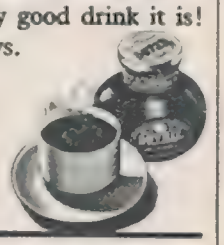
ATTRACTIVE young Mrs. Fudgell of Lawrence Weston wisely puts the health of her family first. Kathleen is 3, Martin 2—and they use up an amazing amount of energy each day. She gives them plenty of Bovril to build up their young limbs.

They're worth a world of trouble. *They're fine, healthy children, Kathy and Martin. Bovril helps to keep them that way.*

Her husband's a driver, and hard at it all day. "When he got in one day last winter," says Mrs. Fudgell, "I hadn't a teaspoonful of Bovril in the house—and he wouldn't touch anything else. I've never been without it since!"

Is yours a Bovril family? When a child's looking peaky, give him Bovril. When that man of yours comes home frozen, Bovril will warm him. If you've sickness in the house, you'll find Bovril gives an appetite and cheers up the invalid. And, anyway, what a jolly good drink it is! Keep some by you always.

We're jolly well taking daily BOVRIL



After a good day seeing the sights, the best sight is a meal served with the added zest of Military Pickle! Grand with all kinds of cold meat, poultry cheese, fish, etc.

FREE *send one Military Pickle label for this useful food saver*

Hayward's

MILITARY PICKLE

Price: 1/10 per bottle
In Sugar Castors—2/- per bottle

HAYWARD BROS. LTD., LONDON, S.E.11

Sole Agents for "Meatendra"

that. He and Tork got out of the suits. Happy and Komon laid out another line, fitting it to the rings and couplings of Steve's helmet.

Steve lay under the tarpaulin awning, his eyes closed, his thoughts on the gloom of the ocean floor.

Tork must have thought him asleep when he remarked to the skipper: "That shark was all of thirty feet, Happy. I had a good look. Rolled over the kid's lines and snapped them." Then, after a pause: "Think it's safe to let him go down again?"

Steve heard no answer from Happy for a time. When it did come, it was undecided, reluctant. "I don't know." Another pause. "Let me think about it. Steve ain't the kind to quit. If we pull out of here he'll raise a stink. Don't tell him——"

Steve felt cold and empty inside. He couldn't think clearly. He was irritable, angry, and—and afraid.

An hour passed, then Big Tork got into his suit.

Steve stretched, came over and picked up his own dry, stiff suit from the box. The skipper eyed him silently, then helped him with the gear.

Tork went down first. Steve stood on the last step of the ladder and then let go, slowly sinking to the bottom. Only the nearest things, here on the sea floor, seemed to live, and everything out of vision's reach aroused a man's fears—that his lines would be snapped by a shark, that behind him lurked the dreaded grouper, that ahead of him the giant clam was waiting for his legs.

He was on a hard coral shelf. He peered into the surrounding gloom, where all about him tell-tale signs indicated the presence of good pearl-shell—the wide-leafed submarine plants swaying in the strong current; clumps of coral studding the gloomy-grey sand bottom; gobies and blennies darting about, some so close he could have reached out and touched them.

For a moment Steve stood there, looking for the basket and crowbar. He thought he saw a movement ahead—maybe Big Tork prying off some shell.

Tugging for slack, he leaned against the current, jumped off the coral shelf, and fell gently down to the hard bottom. Pushing with his legs now, he started towards his own basket and crowbar. Movement was difficult and slow; he opened the valve to let out air and counteract the floating buoyancy of his filled-up suit.

As he glanced up and saw the gleaming bright lines above him, his fears again flooded his brain. Sweat was pouring down his neck and chin. He cursed aloud, then told himself he was getting panicky. "*Everything's all right,*" he whispered. "*No danger. Keep going.*"

He got the four-foot basket, the crowbar, dragged them to some silvery ridged shell.

The helmet was filled with the smell of rancid oil that sickened him. The *clack-clack clack-clack* of the pump plunger irritated him.

As usual, water was seeping into his suit and already covering his ankles, but this didn't alarm him; the air pressure would keep the water from rising. It was the sharks, groupers, and unknown dangers along the sea bottom that had him on raw edge.

His eyes were used to the gloom now. With every shell that he pried loose and laid into the basket he took time to look around. There was no sign of a shark. He went on with the work, fought the current, sweated, cursed. Brightly coloured fish, the size of his hand, flitted about. Steve peered into the murky distance in an effort to make out Big Tork, but he couldn't see him. Too far, too dark.

All at once the small fish darted away in crossed directions, and Steve caught sight of the long, tapering form of a thirty-foot tiger shark sliding into the far gloom.

Instinctively, he reached for his line to signal Happy to haul him up. But then the undersea world was suddenly as silent and undisturbed as before, with the small, brightly coloured fish drifting back, watching him, nudging the swaying leaves of the submarine plants growing from the sea floor.

He set to work again, hurriedly prising loose the shell from the coral and sand bottom, filling the basket. The oil smell was nauseating and the sloshing water inside the suit was becoming a nuisance.

After placing the last shell on top of the basket's heap, he signalled on the line, then watched the basket swinging away as the men on deck hauled up.

As he stood there waiting for the basket to be lowered, he saw the long, grey shape of the tiger shark slide past the lines above him. He held his breath—if the air line swayed too noticeably, the shark would snap it. Then the basket came into view, and the downward fall of it, disturbing the undersea life, brought the shark rolling gracefully down, directly towards him.

The thought of a ripped suit or snapped lines put Steve into action. He was aware that the huge sea scavenger was nosing around and working up courage to dart in. As he shark slid over him out of sight, he turned slowly around, leaned against the current and waited.

The shark came back. When Steve saw the snout and pig eyes coming at him, he turned the air valve open and sent a plume of air bubbles gushing up at the shark.

The huge fish darted off into the gloom.

IMMEDIATELY, Steve shut the valve to build up pressure inside the suit. He listened to the slow beat of the pump, and cursed. He was sure the men on board had seen the dumped air rush to the surface. They should have guessed the cause! What was wrong with those fools on the pumps? He needed air! "*Pump, blast you!*" But he knew he was shouting in vain.

Wondering how far the shark had retreated, he glanced out of the side glasses. He could see no sign of it.

After hesitating a moment, he started towards the basket, smiling at his own decision. Instead of signalling to be pulled up, he was thinking of those great pearls and going after more of that gold-lipped shell.

A speckled butterfly fish wiggled past his front glass, then several red-striped wrasses followed. Thinking that they might be sidling away from some danger, Steve glanced around. There was no sign of the shark. Leaning against the current, he kept his eyes fixed on the murky bottom, watching with every step for the lobed jaws of the giant clam. He adjusted the valves and fought the tangle of weeds from his legs. The water inside the suit had risen to his knees because of the drop in pressure when he dumped his air

THE GUNMAN'S GIRL

"I'M not walking out on him now," she said. Inspector Bracegirdle admired her spirit. He liked the girl. But when a young man runs wild with a gun, a policeman can't afford to be soft-hearted.

Read Thurman Warriner's exciting human story . . .

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

"How can I ever repay you?"

at the shark, but new air was coming in. A steady stream of bubbles trailed behind him in the current.

He had sent up several baskets of precious shell. The taste of sweat in his mouth, the nauseating oil smell, the irritating grate of the pump plunger, and the constant danger of a giant clam, or shark or grouper—all this, on top of his feverish work, had frayed his nerves almost to the limit.

Several times he thought of Big Tork. The experienced Aussie, he knew, would laugh at him if his basket didn't hold a pearl worth their time here, or if he signalled to be hauled up.

Peering intently through the front glass as he paused to rest, Steve detected a dark sluggish form approaching him. Slowly the lumpish thing left the sea floor and rose upwards. The mouth line and the two cold eyes meant a big, deep-coloured grouper. Unlike the expressionless shark, the grouper showed a cunning leer, as the huge gills opened and closed and the stout fins lazily brought it nearer.

As Steve stared into the vicious cold eyes, he fought a temptation to shut his exhaust valve and signal for more air. The grouper was sure to go for his hands if he moved them. The sinister snout was already sniffing the breastplate.

The lazy movements of the big fish fascinated him, and he watched the blank stare of one eye as the grouper nosed up to the helmet. Unafraid and curious, the leering snout started sniffing down again, towards his hands.

All of the undersea world seemed deathly still, and Steve felt a mad urge to scream.

SUDDENLY he was aware that the *clack-clack* of the pumps sounded more hurried, or was he so frightened that he imagined it? Was he floating up, or was the grouper edging down to his hands? Desperation drove him into action. He lifted one arm quickly and shut the exhaust valve all the way. The pump plunger started going faster, faster, and he started rising, leaving the grouper under his feet.

He began to laugh in a hysterical way. He was out of danger! Instinctively he held up his hands to his front glass, looked at them and laughed again.

In an overwhelming rebellion against the dangers of that murky depth, he suddenly decided he had had enough of Bad Water Place. The devil take the gold-lipped pearl-shell! He wanted clean, fresh air to breathe! He wanted the familiar reality of daylight! Now . . . now! He didn't care if Big Tork laughed and jeered at him!

Leaving the valve closed, he continued to float up, watching for the hull, to avoid bumping his head against the lugger. He remembered about keeping upright; too much air had tipped over more than one diver and drowned him in the water of his own suit.

A small school of blue and yellow fish that were following him suddenly darted away. Looking around in the increasing brightness of the upper level, he saw fish scurrying off in all directions.

It meant only one thing—the tiger shark had come back.

Above him and to his right, the long grey body raced past him. Steve sensed that the shark was no longer curious; now it was bent on attacking.

He knew that the first real slash would rip open his suit. He fought to think. If he dumped air at the shark, he would probably scare the big fish off, for a time anyway, but then he would sink to the bottom—where the grouper was hungrily waiting.

THE grey shape swam into view again. It came at him in a rush, charging straight on, its tail twisting like a whip.

Steve reached for the valve and dumped air as fast as he could. The shark veered sharply to escape the gushing air plume, and dodged away in a wide sweep.

He felt the clammy suit collapse around him as he started sinking swiftly towards the bottom again. The taut lines tipped him over and the water inside the suit splashed up to his chest. More water seeped in as the escaping air lowered the pressure inside the suit. The gloom thickened as he sank down.

Coughing and gasping for breath, Steve shut his valve and fought to stand up. Then the lines slackened and he had to struggle against the current. The water was over his thighs. He felt bottom beneath his feet, a bottom of hard sand, and he managed to keep his footing.

He knew that the grouper was near him and that somewhere above him the restless tiger shark was cruising. With no more air to dump at the shark and not enough air to float away from the grouper, he felt helpless, hopelessly trapped.

He cursed Happy and Komon for not understanding that he was in trouble and not helping him. He cursed Big Tork. Hadn't they seen his dumped air rush to the surface? Didn't they know he had sunk back to the bottom, trapped between the shark and the grouper?

He felt a hard body bump against his back. The grouper, behind him? He did not turn. In that same instant he saw the shark charging at him in a low, swift slant. Pushing with his legs, Steve tried to edge away from the grouper, yet he knew there was no

isn't it a beauty!

NEW dazzling

Creda Star

electric cooker

Here's the new, wonderful Creda Star—the electric cooker that has everything: full-width oven, Credastat controlled; fully equipped hob; big grill chamber/hot cupboard; controls at waist height. Yes, the Star (like all Creda Cookers) gives you electric cooking at its wonderful best—cleaner, cooler, quicker, cheaper! See the Creda Star at your nearest Electricity Service Centre or Electrical Contractor's showroom today!

from £25·10·0 attractive hire purchase terms are available in all areas.

FOR ELECTRIC COOKING
AT ITS WONDERFUL BEST

you need—a Creda

Large oven *Non-tilt shelves* *Big grill-chamber/hot cupboard* *Extended hob (extra)*

Simplex Electric Co Ltd Blythe Bridge Staffs London Showrooms: 217/219 Tottenham Court Road W1

A EMI COMPANY

The Barley Wine that keeps out the cold

Ind Coope's Arctic Ale is barley wine good and strong–a long drink as strong as a 'short' and as smooth and mellow as old burgundy. Arctic Ale was first brewed over 100 years ago for Admiral Belcher's Polar Expedition of 1852. Since then it has been a heartening member of many similar expeditions, including the recent expedition to North Greenland. Full-bodied, fortifying and wonderfully warming, Ind Coope's Arctic Ale is the perfect winter brew. Warm up with an Arctic Ale today. You'll find it wherever the best beers are sold.

Packed with good cheer

Gift packs containing six bottles of Arctic Ale are on sale now. Treat yourself to a pack—or give one to your special friends for Christmas.

A BARLEY WINE

by the brewers of DOUBLE DIAMOND

NEW...far and away the most exotic chocolate treat

BOUNTY, WITH MILKIER, JUICIER COCONUT THAN EVEN SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS EVER KNEW
BOUNTY, SMOTHERED THICK WITH FULL-CREAM MILK CHOCOLATE. TWO BIG CHUNKY BARS FOR 6d
ENJOY ONE TODAY!

Another sweet treat by Mars

time left. He waved both hands before him, thinking to scare off the on-rushing shark, yet he knew that the slow, inexorable creature behind him would keep sniffing, presently finding his hands. Even in those moments of extreme frenzy, his actions to dodge to the side seemed idiotic to himself. There was no time left.

As the shark rushed in, slanting for Steve's waist belt, he grabbed automatically for the lines. He caught them. Before he could signal they were yanked out of his grip. Then he was in some sort of mad vortex, unable to get a footing and turn, unable to prevent the sloshing water from covering his mouth and eyes inside the helmet, and the whole undersea world shaking violently.

By kicking with his legs he at last turned enough to see what was happening. He was suspended upright, floating above the sea floor, the water in his suit down at his thighs. Below him the weeds and the sea were churning crazily, where a strange, gloom-enveloped battle raged. The brightly coloured fish and all the other undersea life had fled, and Steve realized that, as Happy had yanked him up, the shark had seen the giant grouper and had savagely attacked its more familiar enemy.

Steve looked down, watched the thrash and wallow of the battle as the shark tore at the grouper. As he went on up, he saw the sleek body of the shark hovering over what was left of the great, sluggish fish. The submarine plants were swaying in the roll, and the silvery back of a pearl-shell gleamed flittingly. Then the dim sea floor, the shark and all the rest of it faded from his view as he went on and on up—to the sunlight and the clean fresh air.

He climbed the ladder, and then Old Happy was helping him over the rail and on to the deck.

Amidships, seated on the box, Big Tork smiled and waved to Steve.

"You go on below, Steve, and get yourself some rest," Old Happy said, taking off Steve's helmet and fumbling to give him a cigarette. "We saw the fin of a shark, a big one. Have any trouble?"

Steve didn't want to talk about trouble. He breathed deeply—what had happened seemed no worse now than a bad nightmare.

It was a couple of hours before Steve felt steady enough to show himself on deck. His cigarette tasted good. Even the Arafura sun beating down on him felt good. As he glanced over the rail at the green depths, a thin smile crossed his young face.

Old Happy asked, "Feeling all right?"

"Feeling fine," Steve answered.

The four Soholis, the native boys, opening shell under Komon's watchful eye, were chattering excitedly. Happy crooked a finger at Komon and the native came over, a smile on his dusky face. He opened his hand, and showed Steve a large blob of pearly nacre.

Steve took it into his hand and looked at it, big-eyed, cursing softly under his breath. Just looking at that blob, he knew the Singalese back in Darwin would polish her into a superlative gem. And the Soholis still had a sizeable pile of shell to open.

Old Happy snorted. "Plenty more of it down there." He paused for a moment, shaking his head, then added, "And that's where it's going to stay. Any time Big Tork signals to be hauled up in a hurry, I figure things is real bad, so if you——"

"Tork signalled?" Steve said quietly, trying to grab the full meaning.

"Yup," said a husky voice behind him. The Aussie was grinning; his hand slapped Steve's back. "You're O.K., fella," he said and chuckled. "You're O.K."

Steve felt strangely strong all over.

But Old Happy shouted, "*Haul that line!*"

One of the crew started chanting, and the others joined in. The sails hoisted and flapped in the freshening breeze, the sun gleaming off the bellied surfaces. In the wake of the fat-waisted pearling lugger, Bad Water Place looked deceptively safe. THE END

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

Soon after Percy's car broke down on a country road, Dan drove up in a lorry. He offered Percy a tow, and they rigged a rope securely between the two vehicles and set off for the garage in the next town.

Percy remained in his car to steer—the tow-rope was a long one and required careful handling. Crossing a narrow, humpbacked bridge, Percy took both hands off the steering wheel to light a cigarette.

The car swerved off a bump in the road and, before Percy could stop it, collided with the parapet of the bridge. Considerable damage was done; the road was blocked for a time.

A policeman arrived to take particulars, and a few days later Percy was served with a summons for "dangerous driving." In court, the police said: "Clearly, Percy acted irresponsibly. The tow-rope was unusually long and called for extra care in steering. In any case, nobody should take both hands off the wheel—especially when crossing a narrow bridge. Percy drove dangerously and must be punished."

Percy denied the charge. "It was Dan in his lorry who was the real driver," he said. "I was only steering. My car was not being 'driven' in the proper sense of the word, so I cannot be guilty of dangerous driving.

"As for lighting a cigarette, it was just unfortunate that my car hit a bump at that moment. I am not used to steering cars on tow, and I should not be blamed for bad luck."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 42

A TRIP TO BERLIN

Continued from page 15

married. But it was obvious that she did not wish to talk of herself. It was the Melvilles who interested her—especially Stella; her character, her interests, her clothes. She had heard of Stella, but had never seen her until a few days before.

"She's very pretty," said Mrs. Leslie in a brittle voice. "You would hardly know that she was older than Robert. Somehow I had not expected her to look so—soft. I had imagined something harder. But appearances are very deceptive, aren't they?"

Mrs. Leslie stopped to look at a window containing a display of modern porcelain, and said, in a bright conversational voice: "She killed Johnnie—her first husband—of course."

Miranda started. "What?" Her eyes went bright with anger. "I don't think you know what you're talking about," she said icily. "Stella's first husband was killed in Libya in 1941. He got a posthumous V.C. I've read the citation. You must be mad."

Mrs. Leslie gave a short mirthless laugh. "It's odd how women like that can always get people to stick up for them; and people like Johnnie to marry them—and Robert."

Her voice cracked a little on the last word as though she was suddenly near tears, and all at once Miranda was sorry for her. There was some tragedy in Norah Leslie's past; a tragedy that was still real and alive and unforgotten. Perhaps she had once loved Robert, or Johnnie Radley, or both, and had lost them in turn to this unknown Stella?

Miranda thrust her hand impulsively through the older woman's arm and said, quickly: "You don't really know Stella at all. How could you, when you only met her for the first time about three days ago? Wait until you know her better. . . ."

Norah Leslie smiled. It was a smile that did not quite reach her eyes, but her voice had lost its hard, brittle tone when she spoke. "I'm sorry. I should not have said that. You are her husband's cousin and her guest. It was unpardonable."

The Melvilles were not mentioned again and the remainder of the morning passed pleasantly enough. Mrs. Leslie dropped Miranda back at the house a little before one o'clock and actually accepted an invitation to come in for a drink.

Stella dispensed sherry and admired the tiny china roses that Miranda had bought at a junk shop.

Mrs. Leslie was friendly and pleasant until Robert arrived home. Then she rose abruptly and, with something of a return of her former manner, said she had no idea it was so late, and left.

"You know, she's really quite a nice woman," said Stella. "I thought her quite beastly when we first met."

"Oh, Norah's all right," said Robert easily. "I wonder why she married old Leslie? Nice chap, but a bit of a bore. Funny, I always had an idea that she'd married a foreigner. . . ."

The two buses, both full of sightseers, left for their tour of Berlin from the Naafi building in the Reichskanzler Platz and rolled off down the magnificent sweep of the Kaiserdamm.

Miranda, looking out at the shattered ruins, began to wish after a while that she had not come.

Over the Brandenburg Gate flew a great red flag, flapping out against the sky. "We are now entering the Russian Sector," said the guide. "To the left are the ruins of the Reichstag."

The palace of Marshal Blucher; the French Embassy; the Adlon Hotel—more ruins. Mile upon mile of ruins. . . .

The buses drew up outside a pair of ornamental park gates and the guide said: "We are now at the Soviet Garden of Remembrance. It is the burial place of many hundreds of their soldiers. We may dismount here and enter the park."

Stella and Robert, who had been sitting together just behind Miranda, waited for her by the door.

"You're looking very seductive, Miranda," commented Robert, tucking her hand under his arm. "Isn't she, Stella? Who would have believed that such a hideously plain kid could grow up into such a delectable eyeful!"

"She looks marvellous," agreed Stella, taking her other arm and giving it a little squeeze. She said it with a slight effort, it seemed to Miranda, as if she were forcing herself to be gay.

Miranda turned to look at her. Stella has changed, she thought, but she could not be sure in what way. Perhaps it was something to do with the way in which she looked at Robert? It was, thought Miranda, a new look and one that she had only noticed during the last few days: a strange compound of anxiety and strain, a look at once protective and possessive.

Had Sally Page been the cause?

Sally was there now, walking buoyantly on the other side of Robert and chattering in her clear, high voice, her inexpensive teenage clothes making Stella's red velour coat with its fur collar appear sophisticated and expensive and mature.

They turned a corner and stopped in involuntary admiration at the sight before them. They had been walking along a wide path between neatly kept flower-beds towards a large statue of a woman. "Mother Russia mourning for her children," murmured the guide.

The statue stood at a convergence of paths and faced a long, wide stone-paved causeway that ended in a short flight of stone steps.

As they moved down the steps, Miranda released Stella's arm and dropped back, feeling she would like to escape from the crowd for a little. She strolled slowly around without sense of direction, and presently turned into a shaded path between shrubs and flower-beds.

The path was deserted except for a solitary woman. And this time there was no mistaking Elsa Marson.

Miranda gazed curiously. Mrs. Marson stood at the junction of two intersecting paths and peered furtively down them, first on one side and then on the other.

Footsteps sounded from the path to her right and a man wearing a shabby greatcoat and a dark, peaked German cap appeared beside her.

Miranda saw him glance swiftly over his shoulder to the right and left as Mrs. Marson had done, with a swift, furtive look. It seemed impossible that he should fail to see Miranda when she herself could see him so clearly through the thin screen of leaves, but he did not.

The man spoke quickly, but in so low a tone that she could not make out what he said, and she saw Elsa

BUYING A TWEED SUIT OR SKIRT?

. . . TO MAKE SURE YOU GET

HARRIS TWEED

HAND WOVEN
HarrisTweed
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD. REGISTERED TRADE MARK Nº 316214
APPLIED IN ACCORDANCE WITH REGULATIONS APPROVED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE
HARRIS TWEED
FACSIMILE OF THE TRADE MARK APPEARS ON THE CLOTH
MADE FROM 100% PURE WOOL

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE GARMENT

AND YOU'LL KNOW THIS MARK IS ON THE CLOTH

Character . . . quality . . . style . . . these are some of the many things which make Harris Tweed different from all other tweeds. But did you know it bears a Mark which is legally protected?

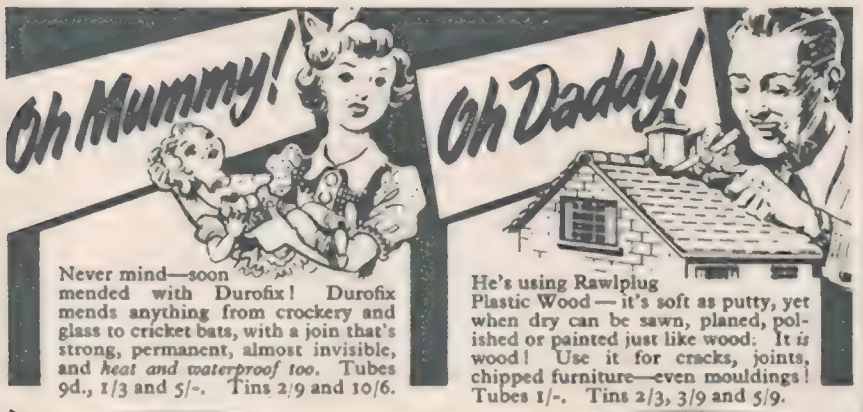
The Harris Tweed Trade Mark has been approved by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark to guarantee that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.

Remember —

THE **LAW** PROTECTS THE DISTINGUISHING

MARK OF HARRIS TWEED

Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD



Never mind—soon mended with Durofix! Durofix mends anything from crockery and glass to cricket bats, with a join that's strong, permanent, almost invisible, and *heat and waterproof too.* Tubes 9d., 1/3 and 5/-. Tins 2/9 and 10/6.

He's using Rawlplug Plastic Wood — it's soft as putty, yet when dry can be sawn, planed, polished or painted just like wood. It *is* wood! Use it for cracks, joints, chipped furniture—even mouldings! Tubes 1/-. Tins 2/3, 3/9 and 5/9.

RAWLPLUG DUROFIX RAWLPLUG PLASTIC WOOD

From your ironmonger or hardware store

THE RAWLPLUG COMPANY LIMITED, CROMWELL ROAD, LONDON, S.W.7

Marson's stiff lips move in reply. The man drew a small packet from under his coat, pressed it into Mrs. Marson's hands, and, turning on his heel, walked quickly away.

Elsa Marson opened her handbag and stowed the packet away with trembling fingers. Then she, too, turned and walked away.

Miranda remained where she was, staring down the deserted path.

A bank of cloud had come over the sun and the day was suddenly cold and drab. Miranda shivered.

"Birds' nesting?" inquired a gentle voice behind her.

Miranda started violently and whipped round. "Captain Lang! What are you doing here?"

"Oh, just seeing the sights, you know."

"And keeping an eye on your suspects at the same time, I suppose!" said Miranda angrily. She turned and began to walk rapidly away down the path, Simon Lang beside her.

"What are we training for?" he inquired after a moment. "The quarter mile, or London to Brighton?"

Miranda's sense of the ridiculous overcame her temper, and she laughed. "Why is it that I always seem to quarrel with you?" she inquired.

He took her arm. "You only try to quarrel with me because you feel on the defensive. There's no need, you know. I'm not your enemy."

"Then why do you behave like one? If you don't suspect me, why do you have my room searched, and why have you followed me here, and——"

"What's that?" Simon's voice was suddenly sharp. He stopped dead and pulled Miranda round to face him. "When was your room searched?"

"While you were so conveniently interviewing me in the lounge of the hostel, I imagine," said Miranda bitterly.

"Wednesday afternoon," said Simon Lang thoughtfully.

He was looking directly at Miranda, but his eyes appeared curiously blank and opaque, as though they did not see her.

His fingers tightened about her arm suddenly. "Listen to me, Miranda. If anything like that ever happens again —or anything odd or unusual—will you tell me at once? This is important."

He took a scrap of paper from his pocket and scribbled on it.

"That's my personal telephone number. If I'm not there myself there will always be someone who is and who can reach me."

He glanced at his watch again and said: "If we don't get a move on we shall find that the bus has got tired of waiting for us and we're stranded behind the Iron Curtain."

IT was raining again the next morning, and Robert drove his family to morning service at St. George's in a steady downpour. But when they came out of church the rain had stopped and there were patches of blue sky overhead. The air held a fresh, clean smell as of newly mixed mortar — that characteristic smell of Berlin on a wet day when rain has fallen on mile after mile of ruined and broken buildings.

They did not go straight back to the house, but drove instead to the Lawrences' for drinks.

Colonel Lawrence was small, thin and vague. After a few routine words with Miranda, he drifted on. Robert joined her.

"Poor old Lawrence. He loathes gatherings like this. He's developed a protective colouring."

"Like Simon," said Miranda thoughtfully.

"Lang? Yes, you don't notice him unless he wants you to." He grinned at her affectionately. "Are you by any chance getting interested in Young Simon Stylites?"

"He's interested in me!" said Miranda bitterly. "And not the way you mean, either!" She was silent for a moment, and then said abruptly: "Robert, who do *you* think did it?"

Robert did not answer her. He was looking past Miranda, and she saw his mouth tighten queerly.

Sally Page's clear voice cut through the babble of talk and the clink of glasses: "I'm so sorry we're late, but Andy had to go down to the office."

Robert's eyes came back to Miranda. "I'm sorry—what did you say?"

Miranda repeated the question.

"Stuck a knife into the brigadier, you mean? God knows! Some nasty little ex-Nazi, I suppose. Don't worry about it, Randa."

He smiled down at her anxious face and took her hand in his with a brief and comforting pressure.

Miranda grinned at him affectionately and, looking away, met Simon Lang's coolly observant gaze. He was standing at the far side of the room, and he did not look away or make any attempt to disguise the fact that he had been watching her.

She tried to stare back at him, but could not do it; and after a moment she turned her eyes away.

"Hallo, Norah!" Robert was saying.

Miranda turned to see Mrs. Leslie, wearing purple gloves with a mustard-yellow suit, standing beside her.

Mrs. Leslie smiled at Miranda and sat down on the arm of a chair. "Robert, do you think you could get me a glass of sherry? I do so dislike beer before lunch."

ROBERT went and got her one. "I seem to have slopped it about a bit," he apologized. Mrs. Leslie removed one purple suède glove and accepted the glass gingerly.

"It's nice to see you again, Norah," said Robert. "Amazing really how families who live next door to each other for five years can lose touch completely. The war, I suppose."

"Partly that and, of course, I was abroad a great deal," said Mrs. Leslie. "I heard news of you from time to time, and I saw the announcement of your marriage, of course."

"That's where women have the advantage of us," said Robert, with a laugh. "Not many men read the births, marriages and deaths columns. When were you married, Norah?"

"I married Edward in 1948," said Mrs. Leslie.

"A mere bride! I imagined you'd been married for years."

"My first husband was killed in the war. You and I, Robert, have both married twice."

"Oh. Oh, yes," said Robert. He appeared momentarily disconcerted. "That reminds me," he said after a perceptible pause, "where's Lottie, Randa? I hope she's not creating mayhem somewhere?"

"She's in the garden with the Lawrence children. They're being policed by Mademoiselle," said Miranda.

Mrs. Leslie laughed. "The penalties of fatherhood catching up on you, Robert?"

"You're telling me!" said Robert. "By the way, how are your parents, Norah?"

There was an infinitesimal pause before Mrs. Leslie answered. Then, "They're dead," she said flatly.

She stood up abruptly and handed her empty glass to Robert.

Robert said: "I'm sorry, Norah."

"You needn't be," said Mrs. Leslie. She nodded at Miranda, retrieved the glove that had fallen off her lap on to the chair, and walked away.

"That was obviously an unfortunate question," said Robert slowly. "But how the hell is one to know? Oh, well. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders and turned away, and a little later Miranda saw him talking to Sally Page. He was looking young and gay and insufferably handsome.

Miranda, glancing round, became

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 41, the judge said that Percy was a "steersman," because his car, having broken down, was not capable of being driven in a normal fashion. At the time of the accident, Dan was the only "driver" —so Percy, as a mere steersman, could not be guilty of dangerous driving. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

"The police said I mustn't touch a thing till they get here"

aware that three other people were also watching Robert. Stella, with a little anxious frown on her white forehead, Andy Page, with a sullen scowl, and Norah Leslie, with a curiously speculative look. . . .

Rain fell again during the afternoon, but towards evening the sky cleared and sunlight glittered on the wet rooftops.

"Who's for a walk?" said Robert. "We could all do with some fresh air. Lottie and Mademoiselle can come, too."

They set off down the road, choosing the direction at random and taking any turning that seemed promising.

The streets were clean-washed and glistening with rain, and early cherry blossom and deep pink almond frothed among the wet spring leaves in the evening sunlight.

At the junction of two roads they met the Leslies, who turned and walked with them.

They turned at last into a quiet street overshadowed by trees. Along one side ran a high wall; on the other was the gutted ruin of a house standing in what must once have been a large and well-kept garden bounded by a shoulder-high wall and a tangle of laurels. Gazing at the ruin through a rusty wrought-iron gate were Harry and Elsa Marson.

Harry Marson turned and waved. "Hallo, have you come to see the spot where the accident occurred? Elsa wanted to see it, too."

"What accident?" inquired Miranda.

"*The* accident, of course. Do you mean to say you didn't know? This is it. Herr Whatsisname's house. The character who bumped off his domestic staff and disappeared with a Rockefeller's ransom in Dutch diamonds."

"Is it really? What a thrill! Let's go in and have a look."

PUSHING open the rusty gate, they walked up a sunken, weed-grown path to where a short flight of steps led up to the gaping space where a front door had once been. The bomb that had hit the house had caused less damage than the fire that had followed, and the greater part of the house was still standing.

"Don't go in!" warned Colonel Leslie, grasping Miranda's arm. "It isn't safe. It might collapse at any time."

"Yes, don't let's!" agreed Stella with a shudder. "Besides, it's getting late." She tugged at Miranda's arm and they went back down the path, the others following.

At lunch the following day, Stella announced that she was having tea with Mrs. Lawrence. "It seems she's having several of the wives there," she said. "Robert's left me the car. And cook wants to leave early today, so I told her we'd have some hot soup with a cold supper and she can leave it ready. Friedel can deal with that. It's Mademoiselle's half day, too."

Stella left the house shortly before three o'clock, and Miranda, reminded of something, plunged her hand into the pocket of her grey suit. Yes, it was still there; the small square of paper on which Simon Lang had written down his telephone number in the Soviet Garden of Remembrance. Miranda smoothed it out and stared at it for a moment, then, crumpling it into a small pellet, she flicked it into a corner.

THE drawing-room door opened behind her and Norah Leslie walked into the hall. "Oh, there you are! I hope you don't mind me walking in on you like this, but it's so much shorter to come through the gap in the hedge. I came over to ask if you'd have supper with us this evening. We're having a few of our subalterns in and I want some pretty young things to entertain them. Sally Page is coming, and the general's niece."

Miranda smiled. "Thank you. I'd love to come."

"Good. Then that's fixed. See you at about a quarter to eight. Short frock."

Mrs. Leslie turned away and left the way that she had come, through the open french window.

Miranda was about to settle down with a book when she was once more interrupted; this time by the ringing of a bell. She put down her book, wondering idly if it was the telephone or the door. Then the ringing stopped.

A few minutes later Mademoiselle came into the drawing-room, gloved and hatted and clasping a tightly rolled umbrella.

"It is Monsieur le Major," she announced. "He reports him that he will not be able to return for supper this evening, but must work late. He will try to inform Madame."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle. Just tell cook that there'll only be one for supper tonight. I shall be out, too."

"*Bien.*" Mademoiselle withdrew, and a few minutes later Miranda heard the front door close behind her.

The house was quiet and peaceful and Miranda stretched out on the window seat in the warm afternoon sunshine. Her eyes closed and she was on the verge of sleep when a sound from outside the window aroused her.

There were bushes immediately below the drawing-room windows, and something or someone was crawling between them and the wall. Miranda knelt up cautiously on the window seat and looked out. The next minute she had grasped the belt of a grubby pair of corduroy shorts.

There was a shrill squeal, and Miranda jerked her captive to his feet. "Wally Wilkin! What are you doing here?"

"Sssh!" begged Wally. "Not so

– but is there such a word – major Birdie?

SCRABBLE (REGD.) – of Course

The game that is taking Britain by storm. Whatever you are, professional or business man, office or manual worker, career girl or housewife, you will enjoy Scrabble. It challenges the most astute gamester, yet children just able to spell may play too.

Two, three or four players form interlocking words, crossword fashion, using highly polished wooden letter tiles with various score values. Each player competes for highest score by using his letters to take best advantage of letter values and premium squares on the board.

18/-

You'll play it in the end – why not NOW.

Available at good toy shops and departmental stores. If your dealer cannot supply write for address of nearest stockist to:

J. W. SPEAR & SONS, LTD.
Dept. J.B.2, Enfield, Middx.
Agents for Production & Marketing Co., Newtown, Conn., U.S.A.

Accept this beautiful book free . . . .

The Discovery of Tahiti

THIS highly entertaining story is an eye-witness account of what happened when, in 1767, sea-weary English sailors first stumbled into a South-Sea paradise. Illustrated with superb engravings by ROBERT GIBBINGS, and with a gay and unusual binding, it has been specially produced for presentation to all who join THE FOLIO SOCIETY.

Membership brings you exclusive editions of the world's great books from Omar Khayyam and Boccaccio to Rupert Brooke and Wilkie Collins. With illustrations by distinguished artists, these handsome volumes are individually designed and craftsman-made, *yet they often cost no more than ordinary books.*

Post coupon today for illustrated 12-page Prospectus, describing the new Programme—

THE FOLIO SOCIETY
3B Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1

Please send me, without obligation, a free copy of The Folio Society's new illustrated 12pp. Prospectus.

MR
MRS
MISS _____

Address _____

JB54 _____

You can paint all the year round with

VALSPAR

REGD Nº 405848

2-4 HOUR LACQUER

The enamel that boiling water made famous

★ NO PRIMING OR UNDERCOATING REQUIRED
★ PROOF AGAINST BOILING WATER
★ DRIES IN 2-4 HOURS
★ EASILY APPLIED, EASY TO KEEP CLEAN
★ SUITABLE FOR ALL SURFACES—EVEN TILES
★ NO LINGERING PAINT SMELL
★ STEAM, HEAT, OIL AND PETROL PROOF
★ MANY LOVELY INTERMIXABLE COLOURS

For a satin finish on Walls and Ceilings use
VALSPAR
2-3 Hour
EMULSION FLAT

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Institute Seal of guarantee

Write for booklet and name of stockist to the Sole Manufacturers U.K.
GOODLASS, WALL & CO., LTD.
179/185, (DI2) Gt. Portland St. W.1. Est. 1840

Freshen your Taste!

Chew
WRIGLEY'S

Helps brighten teeth—
sweetens breath
Aids your digestion
Enjoy chewing daily
Keep a packet handy

Refreshing – Delicious

(EP2/54)

loud, Miss Brand. I'm detecting!"

"You're what?"

"Looking for clues." He lowered his voice to a confidential undertone: "You know, I've got one clue."

"I should hang on to it if I were you. Elsewhere."

"I am," said Wally, equably. "It's useful having all my suspects living so close together. I can get in and out to watch them."

"Do you mean you've been snooping round all these houses? Wally, you're going to land the father and mother of a walloping one day." She laughed. "You need a disguise."

"That's an idea," said Wally, impressed. "There's a pot of green paint in the garage of the next house. I could use that for camouflage—so I wouldn't be seen in the bushes."

He winked and disappeared cautiously into the shrubbery.

Friedel brought in tea on a tray at half past four and an hour later Stella phoned to say that she would not be back for supper. "Robert has to work late and we thought perhaps we'd have supper at the club," she explained. "You don't mind, do you, darling? Oh, and another thing; Friedel asked me if she could go out for an hour or two this evening, and I said she could. You won't mind keeping an eye on Lottie, will you? Sweet of you, darling. I must fly. I'll try not to be too late."

THERE was a click and Stella had rung off. "Well, that's that," said Miranda. She would have to tell Mrs. Leslie that she couldn't come. She dialled the number.

It was Colonel Leslie who answered the phone, and he accepted Miranda's apologies without demur.

Miranda put down the receiver and went in search of Friedel. "Your supper I put ready at a quarter to eight, yes?" said Friedel. "I am not gone more than the one hour. By nine o'clock I am back."

"Will you tuck me in please?" requested Lottie an hour and a half later. "I don't think I like German mattresses, do you? They only tuck in in bits."

"They aren't German mattresses," said Miranda. "They're army mattresses. Now, are you all fixed?"

"No. Rollerbear has fallen out."

Miranda stooped and retrieved the tiny white china bear that was Lottie's chief treasure. Rollerbear measured some three inches in length and had once decorated a Christmas cake. For some unaccountable reason, Lottie loved him above all her other toys.

"Rollerbear doesn't like these mattresses either," said Lottie. "He falls down the sides, over'n over. Good night, Cousin Randa."

"Good night, puss cat. Sleep tight." Miranda switched off the light and went out, leaving the door ajar.

Across the landing was the big double bedroom that was Robert's and Stella's. The door was not quite shut and Miranda noticed that the bedroom light had been left on.

She walked across the landing and pushed open the door, but her eyes must have played a trick on her or else the headlights of a passing car had flashed across the windows, for the room was in darkness.

Miranda closed the door and turned off the landing light that shone too strongly into Lottie's half-open door. More from habit than for any other reason, she changed her grey suit for a dress of topaz-coloured wool, and went downstairs to her solitary meal. Presently she heard light footsteps crossing the hall and the click of the front door as it closed. Friedel had gone, and she was alone in the house.

Alone in the house. Now why should that thought suddenly disturb her and bring with it a return of the vague, troubling feeling of apprehension?

Besides, she was not alone; Lottie was asleep upstairs.

Miranda turned her attention resolutely to her cold meat and salad. The clatter of plates and knives comforted her in some obscure fashion; they made a pleasant, ordinary, everyday sound. She mixed herself a French dressing and was pouring it over her salad when she heard soft footsteps on the landing upstairs.

For a fleeting moment her heart seemed to leap into her throat. Then, realizing whose footsteps they were, she got up from the table, marched over to the door and called up to the top landing: "Get back to bed, Lottie! It's quite time you were asleep. If I hear you out of bed again I'll come up and spank you. That's a promise!"

There was the sound of a hurried, surreptitious movement and then silence. Miranda waited for a moment and then returned to her meal. The tick of the dining-room clock seemed absurdly loud, and once again, as in the corridor of the Berlin train, Miranda found herself fighting an impulse to look over her shoulder.

She put down her knife and fork and was angrily aware that she had laid them down softly and with exaggerated care and that she was holding her breath.

Why should she suddenly feel that she must not make a sound—that any sound would seem frightening and over-loud in that waiting silence? What was she listening for?

She picked up her knife and fork again, feeling foolish, but she could not force herself to eat, and after a moment she put them down once more and stared around her. She could see herself reflected dimly in the smooth panels of the sideboard, the polished table top and the gleaming surface of a silver salver. A white, heart-shaped face with wide, terrified eyes, red mouth and dark wings of hair; a frightened girl in a sleek, honey-coloured frock.

The hideous hanging lamp above the dining-room table filled the room with harsh light, and there was no possible hiding place in it. Even the curtains reached only as far as the window sill and their thin cotton folds could not have concealed a kitten. But from somewhere, someone was watching her. She did not know why she knew it. She only knew that she did know it, and with an absolute certainty that left no room for doubt.

Miranda stood up suddenly, pushing her chair back so violently that it fell with a crash to the floor. The noise steadied her. She forced herself to pick up the fallen chair and replace it. Feeling unaccountably fortified by the act, she walked firmly across the room and out into the hall.

There was no one there. The staircase leading up to the shadowed landing was empty and nothing moved on or above it. Miranda turned towards the darkened drawing-room.

AFTER the brightly lit hall and dining-room, the moonlight beyond the drawing-room windows appeared faint and wan, but as Miranda's fingers groped for the switch she thought she saw a flicker of movement outside the french windows.

The switch clicked under her fingers and as light flooded the room the windows were once again dark. But in that fraction of a second Miranda had ceased to be frightened.

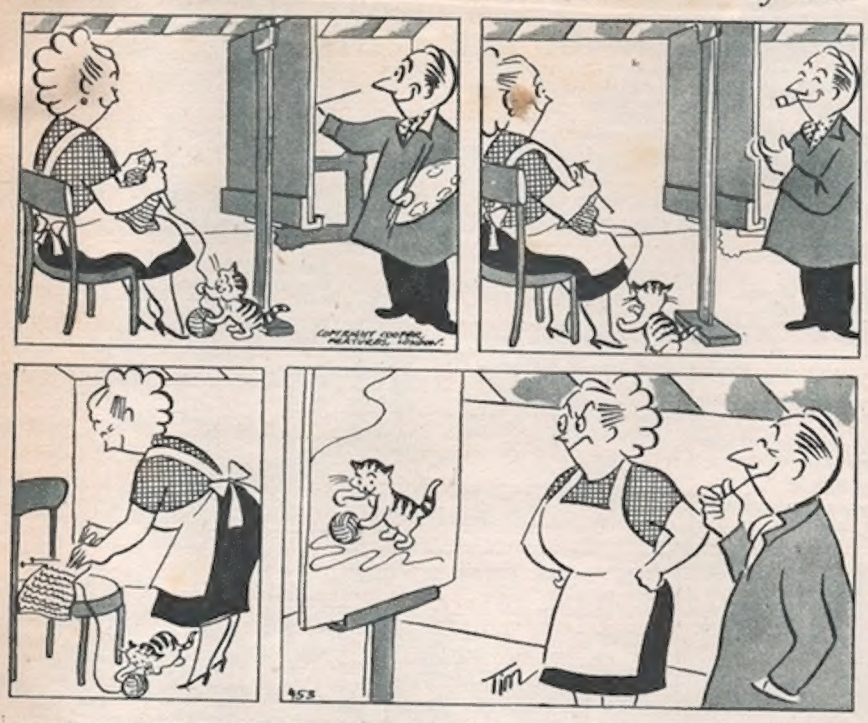
"Wally!" said Miranda, speaking aloud in the silence. "I bet it's Wally!" Switching off the light, she tiptoed to the french window, unlocked it and pulled it open. The night was cold and very still. No breath of wind stirred the branches of the fir trees and not a leaf rustled.

Miranda stood motionless, waiting until her eyes were accustomed to the uncertain light. She held her breath to listen, but the garden was quiet and nothing moved. Perhaps Wally—if it had been Wally—had run for it as soon as he saw the drawing-room light go on. Or had that faint flicker of movement been only an owl or a bat? One thing at least was certain: she could not stand here indefinitely. She would walk once round the garden and then, if she found no one, would go in and lock the front door and turn on the wireless and every light in the house until Friedel or Robert and Stella returned.

She stepped into the garden.

To be continued next week

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



NEON SPELLS DANGER FOR ALFRED TATNELL

Continued from page 17

thousand. Stringent insulation standards protect the public, and every sign has to be fitted with a fire switch. "But we always get shocks," says Tatnell.

Working outside a London store, an erector recently called to his mate to switch off, then went to disconnect a cable. He saw blue sparks jumping from the back of his thumb. He wrenched his hand away, breaking some tubes, but already his knuckle had become an open burn.

Tatnell admits that his worst shock was due to "doing something I shouldn't have done, for speed." Working over a glass showcase in a shop at night, he left a fluorescent tube switched on to provide light for the job. Accidentally, he touched two of the tube's high-tension points. "I kept my balance, but the shock flung the screwdriver out of my hand."

New Sign Crashed Down

Electricity is only one hazard of the job. Erectors often find that, at high levels, parts of the exteriors of buildings are insecure and stone-work is corroded. When a sign was being installed over a greengrocer's shop at Richmond, Surrey, above a crowded pavement, a balcony tottered perilously. Two erectors held the sign in mid-air with ropes, while another secured the masonry.

At another time, an electrician climbing a theatre sign in the Haymarket, London, was hit on the head by a brick-size fragment of rotted stone.

While all scaffolding, ropes, cradles and other gear are regularly tested, risks from these cannot be entirely eliminated. Tatnell remembers an incident when an erector's premonition averted an accident. Two men were hauling up a heavy section of a sign at Dartford, Kent, by means of a block and tackle secured to a scaffold pole seventy feet above. When they had raised the section twenty feet, the erector in charge told them to stop and move back. They did so, then heaved again. The pole snapped, and the sign crashed to the spot where they had been standing a moment before.

Weather often makes the work precarious, especially in the winter. At a London Airport, a ladder blew down outside a hangar and flung an erector full length. On another windy day, two neon erectors rested a five-foot letter "O" on a flat roof. Swept off by a sudden gust, it fell to the ground and encircled a man who was walking by.

Early this year, Tatnell was responsible for erecting a two thousand square foot American soft drink sign. Incorporating nearly a mile of neon and fluorescent tubing, in red, yellow, magenta, green and white, it is the largest sign ever erected in Piccadilly Circus, London.

Piccadilly is the centre of the British neon industry's colour-flashing "golden mile," which one of the firm's maintenance men, Reginald Fipkin, patrols nightly in a red service van. On a three-year hire-maintenance basis, a sign in this area may cost from £200 to £20,000 a year. Fifty such signs are visible at night from the steps of the Eros statue in Piccadilly Circus. Switched on at dusk by photo-electric cells, they flash until midnight—at an estimated annual cost of a quarter of a million pounds.

The contract for the soft drink sign specified a tight, six weeks' schedule for erecting. Four pairs of erectors worked seven days a week to complete the job in time. The sign was hauled up by block and tackle in sixteen-foot prefabricated sections. Tatnell recalls: "Our chaps on the guide lines were out in the road with traffic swirling round them."

On the night when the sign was first lighted, Tatnell and another erector, John Fuller, stood by for four hours. At half past nine, at a cocktail party in a restaurant opposite the sign, a switch in the cork of a bottle of the soft drink was ceremoniously pressed. The sign flashed into life.

"We made only one mistake," says Tatnell. "The sign was still blazing away when we arrived at eight o'clock the next morning. We had not set the time switch properly."

Once installed, neon tubing may last for years, burning for as long as 20,000 hours. Soon after the end of the war, some of Tatnell's colleagues examined a neon sign which had hung unused on a railway bridge in Glasgow since 1939, when all signs in Britain were disconnected. They switched on and, though parts were dim, everything worked.

Smashed Twenty Tubes

Sign tubes are wrought by hand at the company's factory, to fit designs traced on asbestos. They are thoroughly tested before dispatch, but are easily damaged. The glass is thin and fragile.

"Often, if an inquisitive client grasps a tube without knowing where to hold it, it snaps," says Tatnell. When installing fluorescent lighting in a ship overseas, he was told by the engineer in charge that local workmen would help to fit the tubes. "They'll break more than they put up," Tatnell warned.

"An hour after they started, I went to see how they were getting on," says Tatnell. "They had smashed twenty tubes." He telephoned to London for more tubes and he and two colleagues fitted the rest—a job intended for a dozen men.

THE END

—time for a glass of

VP wine

POINT BRAND

Why not have a bottle of VP wine and some glasses alongside the T/V set, so that it is handy whenever there is a pause in the programme? You'll save time, please your friends, and you'll all enjoy Britain's most popular wine.

VP RICH RUBY · VP SWEET WHITE
VP OLD BROWN · VP RICH GOLDEN

6/- A BOTTLE
Also in Oval Quarts 9/-

VP BRITISH SHERRY - - 7/9
VP GINGER WINE - - - - 7/-

★★★ VP — a fuller-bodied wine — Value Plus at 9/6 a bottle

NEWS for MEN

ONLY £1 A MONTH FOR A REGENT STREET SUIT

Be well dressed! That's the secret of success in your job. You can EASILY afford it at DUDLEY KEITH'S amazingly low prices for good tailoring.

TWO-PIECE SUIT in fine quality Pinhead Suiting, single or double breasted. In Grey, Blue, Fawn. Chest sizes 34 in. to 42 in.

ONLY £1 PAY AS YOU WEAR
DOWN £1 secures delivery. Balance in 8 monthly payments of £1

Cash Price 8 gns. (POST FREE)

Perfect fit by post guar. Simply state chest, waist, inside trouser leg measurements, also colour and style. Money refund if not satisfied.

Send for FREE ILLUS. CAT. of Men's Wear or Call at Showrooms (not a shop)—Daily 9.0-5.0 (Sat. 9-12.30).

Dudley Keith

Patterns free on request

Phone: REGent 6414
184-188 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
Over KODAK, next to Galeries Lafayette

KAN·U·GO
REGISTERED

THE IRRESISTIBLE CROSSWORD CARD GAME FOR ALL AGES!

All the family will enjoy this fascinating game
For 2 to 7 players
or
played with the same pack
KAN · U · GO ALONE
Crossword Patience
banishes loneliness and boredom

Sole Proprietors: PORTERPRINT LTD., LEEDS, 9

Brand New Ex-Govt. R.A.F. VESTS & PANTS

Beautiful White Fine Texture Wool Interwoven with Genuine Rayon. Scientifically made for Air Crew for maximum warmth, non-irritation, non-bulkiness and unshrinkable. Figure fitting. Doubtless the finest, warmest and softest underwear ever made. Perfectly finished by famous firms. Long Sleeve Vests 34 in.–40 in. Chest. Full Length Pants 34 in.–46 in. Waist. Four Garments 80/– Post Free. Unrepeatable. **19/11** PER GARMENT

Money Back Guarantee. *Any order C.O.D. (Post 1/1)*

JACATEX (London) LTD., (Dept. JB12), 99 Anerley Road, London, S.E.20

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
BARGAINS BY POST

KNIT the Modern Way!
ON THE NEW "ROTA-PIN"

The "Rota-Pin" knits garments in stocking, ribbing, garter stitch, Fair Isle, etc. Even distribution of tension, increasing, decreasing and stitch-counting greatly simplified. JUNIOR Model (80 stitch) 10/9, complete with accessories and 50-page fully illustrated instruction book. STANDARD Model (160 stitch) 20/- post free.

10/9 POST FREE

TEEBEE MFG. CO. LTD., Dept. 223, Charlbury, Oxford

The 'TONY' MEN'S
LEATHER BROGUE
19/6!

Add 1/6 post-age. If C.O.D. required add 1/-.

Brown leather uppers plus our famous AIRY-WARK long life soles.

Style H.M.

Sizes 6-11 and half sizes

ROBINS MAIL ORDER (Dept. J.B.), 23 GREATOREX ST., LONDON, E.1. *Trade or export enquiries invited*

Gives rooms and passages a warm, soft, comfortable surface. You can afford to buy this luxurious needle-loom carpeting, its low cost being within the reach of everyone. A simple job for that spare hour to fit, no sewing needed, just lay it edge to edge, it is self-binding with rubberised moth and damp resistantbacking. Cols.: **Rust, Green, Brown, Blue, Wine, Fawn, Grey and Old Rose.**

18 in. 27 in. 36 in. 54 in. 108 in. wide. Add 2/6 part 3/4, 12/3, 16/3, 24/-, 51/6 per yd. carriage per Also available in squares. Cols. as above. parcel.

3 x 2 yds.	25/2/-	3 x 2½ yds.	28/8/9
3 x 3 yds.	37/14/6	3 x 3½ yds.	39/0/3
3 x 4 yds.	110/6	3 x 4½ yds.	111/11/9
3 x 5 yds.	112/17/6.		

SIZES APPROX.

Add 2/6 part carr. & pkg. on each square. Attach name and address to advert. for FREE samples.

RIDGWAY STORES (J.B.17) MANCHESTER, 1

PRINTING
PRIVATE AND COMMERCIAL

Distinctive Notepaper, addressed, white or coloured 8vo Bond: 240 11/-, 480 19/6, 960 34/-. Matching Envelopes: 250 13/6.

Two Colour Business Letter-heads, 8 in. x 10 in.: 250 21/-, 500 32/-, 1,000 52/-. One Colour, 8 in. x 7 in.: 500 24/-.

Wage Packets with printed wage details: 1,000 24/6.

Invoices, loose or in duplicate books: **Order Books, Cards, Tags,** etc., all available at bargain prices.

Terms: Cash with order. C.O.D. post 1/6 extra.

Send for free samples to

JOSEPH MELLOR

ROCHDALE ROAD, RIPPONDEN, HALIFAX

Telephone: Ripponden 3106

WHY WAIT TO WIN THE POOLS?
LUXURY can be yours TODAY for 7/-

A complete new outfit made to your order including FURS, COSTUMES, COATS, DRESSES, SKIRTS, NYLONS, LINGERIE, etc.

This glamorous BEAVER LAMB COAT

made to your measurements from selected skins at half listed price, or 7/- weekly. **16½ gns.**

GENUINE FURS

At less than the cost of imitation. Make your dreams come true. *Write today.*

Enclose 2½d. stamp for FREE Illustrated Brochure.

SEVEN SISTERS & CO. (DEPT. J.B.)

11 HILLS PLACE, LONDON, W.1.

SEND NO MONEY

for this lovely skirt

3-gored style, blended woollen cloth, concealed zip. Black, Navy, Nigger, Bottle, Wine, Grey. Length of skirt 30 in.

Style No. H.1.

Post & packing 1/-.

Waists:	
22-24-26 in.	11/5
28-30-32 in.	13/5
34-36-38 in.	15/5
40-42-44 in.	18/5

Write, stating size.

When you receive goods you have seven days to send money or return unsoiled. No forms to fill in.

C. HINCHLIFFE (Dept. 36B.)

Eagle Mills, 21 Brook St., Huddersfield.

TRY THIS Remington '60' Electric Shaver FREE!

Buy *after 14 days'* trial on H.P.

In presentation case. 200/250 v. AC/DC. Cash **£9.17.11** or send 5/- dep. 14 days' trial (refundable). Bal. 15/- on satis. and mthly payments 24/-. Allow 40/- for old electric shaver, any make, subject purchase Remington '60'. Monthly payments then 19/-.

MAYFAIR MAIL ORDERS LTD

(Dept. 33a), 140 Park Lane, London, W.1

WONDERFUL XMAS PRESENT

For you—For your Friends

YOURS FOR 5/- DOWN

and 7 monthly payments of 13/6 or 90/- Cash. *Post Free.*

Luminous Swiss chronograph with independent mechanism for sweep seconds hand to time speed and distance. Unfarnishable **GOLD COLOUR** alloy case, shatter-proof glass, leather strap. **12 Months WRITTEN GUARANTEE. 7-day money refund guarantee. Send 2½d. stamp NOW, for our FREE Catalogue of other fine SWISS watches**

Model CH.3

Unfurnishable Bracelet 15/-

AUSTIN KAYE & CO. LTD. (Dept. MII)

408 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

MATERNITY BLENDED WOOLLEN SKIRT

A splendid quality Maternity Skirt, simple wrap-around, deep pleats, button adjustment. Shades: Wine, Navy, Black, Bottle and Nigger. All sizes 36 to 50(normal). C.O.D. Orders accepted. Send for Winter Catalogue. Complete range of Frocks, Suits, Skirts, Coats and Layettes.

25/- PLUS P.P. 1/6

AT BELOW NORMAL PRICES. Send 2½d. stamp. (Sent under plain cover).

SUPERFIT

(Maternity) Gowns Ltd. (Dept. J.B.)

4 Newman St., Oxford St., London, W.1

WIGWAM TENT

FOR ONLY **20/-** P/P 1/6

Money refund guarantee. Callers welcome.

Uniquely designed, eliminating obstructional centre pole. No pegs required. Erected in **seconds in or out-doors** on lawn or carpets. 5ft. 6in. high, 15ft. base circ. Holds 3-4 children. Complete with light alloy sectional frame.

COWBOY OUTFITS 21/-

Strong durable leather cloth. Complete outfit: Bolero, trousers, silk scarf, gun holster, lariat, cuffs, stetson. Suitable for children 4/10 years.

Post Free.

H. C. BRIGGS (Dept J.B.), 88 Forest Rd., Walthamstow, London, E.17. LAR. 2705

FREE catalogue of TOYS

Send now for your copy of Armchair Shopping, illustrating exciting attractively priced gifts, sure to delight children of all ages. Extra special, superbly finished, electrically driven cars. Britains finest speedboats, swings, rockers, dolls, bicycles, puppets and lots more certain winners for the Xmas Stocking—satisfaction guaranteed. Send at once to avoid disappointment.

NOEL SALES (Dept. J.L.), **Gillroyd Wide Lane, Morley, Yorks**

Yours on 7 days FREE approval

Grey Pinhead SUIT

Don't send us a penny! Tailored to perfection in highest quality Grey Pinhead material. Cut to the latest style, with HAND-STITCHED revers. Chest sizes 34"-42". Inside Leg 29"-32". 7 monthly payments of 27/- or £8-19.6 cash plus 2/6 p/p.

Send name and address, and size required to:

JOHN R. JONES LTD. (Dept JB)

193-195 Kentish Town Road London, N.W.5

The SPEEDEECUT RUGMAKER 19/6

Cuts as it tufts—ten times faster and easily operated. Make a rug in hours instead of days.

3-ply **CARPET WOOL** at **8/11** lb. Specially made for the Speedeecut. Can also be used for Airlyne machines. Other carpet wools available. Self-colour **LONG THRUMS 6/- lb. LONG THRUMS 5/6.**

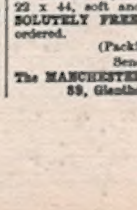
SHORT THRUMS 3/6.

6-ply **RUG WOOL**—20 shades at 7/-; 13 at 10/-; 19 Superfine quality **11/6.**

Try our 45/- Bargain Bundle: 10 lbs. of good hard-wearing 6-ply rug wool in mixed colours and qualities. **Money Back Guarantee.** Send 2½d. stamp for free samples:

WATSON & BATESON

(Dept. J.L.) Crampton Street, Bradford



The ARVIN LUXURY SHAVER

Here's a smooth efficient shaver that doesn't cost a fortune. The ARVIN Consort is priced at 75/- Yet you can still buy it on easy terms.

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

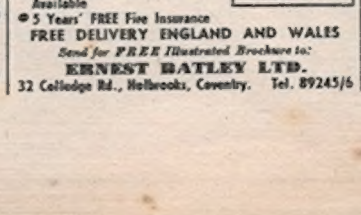
For 1/- DEPOSIT

Plus 1/- Post and Pkg., then 2/6 WEEKLY paid in monthly instalments of 10/-, or deposit returned if not satisfied.

Twin Head, 200/250 A.C. mains. Guaranteed for 12 months.

SHAVER SALES

(J.B.1), 32 The Mall, London, W.5



COCKTAIL WATCHES REAL GOLD PLATED LADIES OR GENTS MODELS

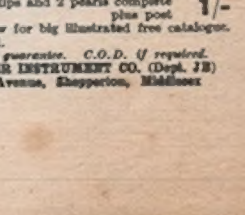
Long-running mainspring. Real Gold Plated Watch (stainless back). Popular bevelled crystal glass puts this watch into a different field. Aircraft shock resisting lever escapement. Gent's with Croc. grained leather strap. Ladies' with cocktail strap. Exp. Bracelet 12/6 extra. Full guarantee. Send 2/6 for Insurance, Pack., Reg., etc. TEST FREE FOR 30 DAYS, then pay 10/- monthly. Cash **£3/19/6.** Luminous model 6/6 extra. State model. LISTS. TERMS.

NO DEPOSIT

HEADQUARTER & GENERAL SUPPLIES LTD. (Dept. J.B.65), 196-200 Coldharbour Lane, Loughboro June., London, S.E.5. Open all Sat., 1 p.m. Wed.

FREE!

This Beautiful Guide to Home Rug Making!



Write for a copy today! It's Free and Post Free!

STODDARTS (Dept. U.), Empire Works, HALIFAX

SAVE MONEY *BUY NOW*

SHEDS FROM £12·19

● Buy at season's lowest prices. **GREENHOUSES** from £14.18.6 **GARAGES** from £35.0.0 Cash or easy terms. Free delivery to your door. Money Back Guarantee.

MAKE HASTE TO SEND P.C. FOR YOUR FREE CATALOGUE

J. THORN & SONS LTD.

(Dept. 5), Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent

XMAS GIFT

Four lead Pencils in attractive Box, all Gold-stamped any name.

2/3 PER BOX

(2/- plus 3d. Post. & Pkg.)

Please give names in BLOCK LETTERS

NORTHERN NOVELTIES

Dept. 5, Undercliffe, Bradford 2

COWBOY SUIT

YOURS FOR 5/- DEPOSIT SENT AT ONCE and 4 weeks at 4/- plus 1/6 post or C.O.D. ex.

16/11 CASH PRICE plus 1/6 post or C.O.D. ex.

Fits Boys or Girls 4-10 years. Outfit includes: **Red Suedeen Jacket, Black Full Trousers, 2 Holsters, Cuffs, Scarf.** Suit beautifully silk-screen printed and fully fringed. **Girl's Suits, Same Prices. Hat For Any Suit, 4/- extra.**

DE LUXE SUIT, with real fur trousers, plus 1/6 post or C.O.D. ex. **23/6**

Send 4d. for Colour Xmas Catalogue

PLAYLAND (Dept. Y.L.70)

49B Goldhawk Road, London, W.12

YOUR BEAUTIFUL & LONG-LASTING DOLL

BIGGER - BETTER CHEAPER

21" Walking, Talking Doll

5/- deposit (doll despatched). Plus 2/6 Post & Pkg. & 5 fortnightly payments of 6/-.

ONLY

Dressed in art. silk, sleeping eyes, real wig, combable hair, jointed, almost unbreakable.

Buy Now While Stocks Last

29/6 CASH Plus 2/6 post/pkg.

SAFE DELIVERY AND MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

A. & F. SUPER TRADING Co.

124, Essex Road, London, N.1

YOURS for 14 days PHILISHAVE

World's Largest Sale

Try this wonderful PHILISHAVE Electric Shaver FREE for 14 days. Send only 5/- deposit (returnable). Two rotary-action 6-blade cutters genuinely *shave*, don't just snip at the hairs. For 100/250 volts AC/DC. Cash £7.9.3 less deposit. Or your 5/- deposit, plus 8 payments of £1. 12 months' guarantee. Illustrated Brochure free.

BARGAIN DISTRIBUTORS,

Dept. 48, 14 STUART STREET, LUTON

FLEXIMOULD

For PLASTER CASTING

The all-family hobby

WALL PLAQUES, GIFTS and ORNAMENTS, etc.

No special equipment needed. Adds pounds to your income.

"FLEXIMOULD"

Illustrated Leaflet from

DOHM Ltd., Dpt. J.B. 167 Victoria Street London, S.W.1

TAKE INCHES OFF!

with ALSTONS RUBBER REDUCING BRASSIERES. Clothes fit better, you look and feel better when you wear this amazingly corrective Bra. Long-line design. Strongly made of comfortably cool hygienically perforated rubber with inner midriff panel for diaphragm control. Offers you a grand opportunity to improve your figure the moment you put it on. Send your measurements today with 6/6 deposit, balance 5/- monthly or cash price 30/- on money back guarantee to Dept. JBS, Alstons Corsetry, 19 Seaside Road, Eastbourne.

WARMTH FOR 1d. A DAY

THE NEW BIG-TOP HEATER

BURNS 150 HOURS ON 3 PINTS OF PARAFFIN

Warms small living rooms, lavatory or bathroom. **KEEPS OUT FROST AND PREVENTS** BURST PIPES. Also ideal in Garage or Greenhouse. Leak and Rust-proof. Blue enamel finish. Perfectly safe. Keep it burning continuously—Paraffin is cheap.

Delivered by return. **23/6** post free.

EATONS (M/C) LTD. (Dept. JB)

87/89 Mosley Street, Manchester, 2

PRICES SLASHED Delivered in time for XMAS. Send 4d. for coloured catalogue.

FULLY UPHOLSTERED GOOD BRAKE & MUDGUARDS

YOURS FOR £1

DEPOSIT. Plus 5/6 carr. or C.O.D. 3/- extra.

5/6 carr. C.O.D. 3/- ex.

PRAM SENT AT ONCE FOR GIRLS UP TO 10 YRS. CASH REFUND IF SOLD OUT.

Cream, Blue, Grey or Maroon metal bodies. Movable seats. Spoked wheels. Rubber tyres. Give 2nd colour.

Refund if unsuitable, or call.

MONTROSE PRODUCTS (Dept. JB.7), 622/7 Holloway Road, London, N.19.

ARChway 4426/7/8. Nr. Archway Tube

GUARANTEED 17 JEWEL SWISS PIN LEVER WATCH

Yours For 10/- Dep.

Exclusive design. Gent's Flat Model with dependable Anti-Magnetic Movement. Accurately timed and adjusted. Bold Dial with Raised Gold Alternate Figures. Sweep Seconds Hand. Brilliant "Allnox" Front. Equal in appearance to gold, and Stainless Steel Back. Fitted wide Leather Strap. 12 Mths. Warranty. Cash **£6.7.6** or 10/- Dep. for 7-Day Free Approval. Bal. 15/- monthly. Illus. Watch List FREE (over 100 Models for your selection).

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.13)

94-104 Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

BE TALLER

ADHITE

elevated shoes for men increase height 2 in. yet are really undetectable. Wide range of smart styles. Moderate prices. All styles. Immediate delivery under money back guarantee.

Call or write for free illustrated list:

CITY SHOE CO

Elevated Shoe Specialists (Room 120) 147 Holborn LONDON, E.C.1

CASTING SECRETS REVEALED

Make your spare time profitable pouring beautiful castings at home. We supply everything and show you how. Amazingly simple. Rapid production. Immediate results. Also other Novel Plastics. Make Xmas gifts. Good proposition for both women and men and younger generation.

Send 2½d. stamp for exciting Book and Market details. No obligation.

QUALITY PLASTICS LTD.

(Dept. J.B.7.), BRENTWOOD, ESSEX

FREE 2 GOOD QUALITY TOWELS

BLANKETS

Plain WHITE, ROSE, GREEN or BLUE. All Whipped Edges. Size 5 ft. x 6 ft. 6in. (approx.). **WONDERFUL VALUE.** Direct from **MILL** to **YOU.**

2 GOOD QUALITY TOWELS, 22 x 44, soft and absorbent, **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with each pair ordered. **27/6** Per Pair

(Packing & Postage 1/6d.)

Send at ONCE to —

The MANCHESTER BLANKET CO. (Dept. J.B.13) 89, Glenthorne Road, London, W.6

BATLEY

CONCRETE GARAGES

● Hinged or Up and Over Door
● Lean-To and Multiple Garages Available
● 5 Years' FREE Fire Insurance

FROM £46 OR 9/3 WEEKLY

FREE DELIVERY ENGLAND AND WALES

Send for FREE Illustrated Brochure to:

ERNEST BATLEY LTD.

32 Coliedge Rd., Holbrooks, Coventry. Tel. 89245/6

WATCH & CLOCK REPAIR OUTFIT

The complete Outfit for cleaning and repairing. Comprises: Illustrated explanatory booklet, eyeglass, tweezers, screwdrivers, oil, dusting powder, oilers, also illustrated catalogue, tools and materials. Plus post and packing 6d. extra. **12/9**

The above with additional luminous compounds, jewellers' rouge, dial brush, jewels. Plus post and packing 6d. extra. **21/-**

ASSEMBLE YOUR OWN JEWELLERY

Selection of unset earrings, pendants, necklaces, brooches, bracelets and stones, etc., at fraction of cost, e.g. 2 earclips and 2 pearls complete plus post **1/-**

Send S.A.E. now for big Illustrated free catalogue. No tools needed.

Money back guarantee. C.O.D. if required.

THE BOLSTER INSTRUMENT CO. (Dept. JB) 6 Govett Avenue, Shepperton, Middlesex

FIFTY JOBS
for the Christmas postman!

AMONG letters the postman hands *you* on Christmas Eve can be the finest greeting of all—a £500 cheque! Enjoy making *Bullets* for your coupon below and that dream Christmas can come true. Post by Monday, December 13, then look out for the postman on December 24—he may well be bringing you any of this week's FIFTY CHRISTMAS CHEQUES!

LAST 50 CHEQUES in time for CHRISTMAS heading "Bullets" prizes value over **£1,000**

£500 CASH 1st PRIZE

£20, £15, £10, £9, £8, £7, 2 of £6, 10 of £5, 30 of £2.10s., 50 "Bullets" Seasons. 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes and £3 LUXURY CHESTS —see details on coupon

THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Healthier Britain	Background Music
Job No. 1955	Sonny's Juliet
Fritz, The Fighter	Soul In Torment
Speed The Plough And	Chased Around
Wonder Of Wonders	Not A Word Was Said, But
Key To Popularity	Comes Naturally
Before We Know It	Bunch Of Crooks
Blizzard Of Bills	Pretty Dim
Made Her Joy Complete	Shooting A Line
Modernized	At The Youth Club

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

An Old.....Custom	In ..... Diary
Had To Be.....	Imitating .....
Vital To.....	Getting.....With It

Chief Winners No. 1,961

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus TV and Turkey: J. L. Steel, 27 Clinton Road, Leatherhead, Surrey:

Our Savings "Deposit" On New—*Britain*!

£25: J. Stringer, 24 Chadwick Street, Belfast: DOESN'T OFTEN PLAY, BUT—KEEP THROWING IVAN BALL!

£10: F. Green, 12 Lodge Lane, Derby: PROSPERITY'S PALACE—I'VE ENTERED—ABOUT *Overdraft*!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: Mrs. A. M. Newnham, 16 St. John's Avenue, Kidderminster: ENCHANTED—GARDEN—*Atomic* "POOL" REFLECTION? £8: F. C. Croucher, 41 Frythe Way, Cranbrook, Kent: BLUSHING—DAWN, *I* SELDOM EMBARRASS! £7: W. Whitaker, 65 Conway Road, Treorchy, Glam: STANDS ALONE—BRITISH JUDGE—NOT *Prisoner*! £6: W. G. Powell, 102 Three Elms Road, Hereford: DARK AND DANGEROUS—AND *Safe*, MINER'S JOB! £5: A. E. Betts, 37 Bingham Drive, Portobello, Midlothian: OUR SAVINGS — ONCE "TAPPED" — DRIP! DRIP! £5: T. W. Neale, 43 Hanover Street, Edgbaston, Birmingham: IN MR. DILLYDALLY'S OFFICE—ALL INQUIRIES *Dwelt* WITH! £5: Mrs. I. Nixon, 59 Saughall Road, Blacon, Chester: IF THEY PUT LESS ON TV—AND MORE *Into* IT!

(Each winner from £25 to £5 receives also Turkey and Pudding.)

Winners of £2 10s. plus Turkey and Pudding, 50 Fowls and 100 Cakes have been notified. 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B	
EX.	6d.
B	
EX.	6d.
B	
EX.	6d.
B.	

£3 LUXURY CHESTS AS BONUSES

...rey Fowl, Fruit Cake, Biscuits, Dressed Crab, Peaches, Cream, etc., etc.—this fine Chest of Seasonable Extras to each of 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

1,966 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 13

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

GET YOUR "BULLETIN"—FOUR PAGES OF "BULLETS" AID

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated January 1. Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.

P.O. 1s. No.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

..... 779

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated January 8 and in JOHN BULL dated January 15), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 1, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,966 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,966, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Wonderful, wonderful family present!

REMINGTON

Quiet-riter

for Christmas

Latest, loveliest of portable typewriters for men and women of letters and boys and girls with ambitions. £31.10.0 with miracle Tab, £29.10.0 without Tab; H.P. terms. Available at *your* dealers!

TO: REMINGTON RAND LTD
1-19 New Oxford Street, London, WC1
FREE folder on Quiet-riter, please!

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

..... QR155

Who's

OKE 297

Just a fortunate motorist who knows that Crompton is the number one battery. Originally known as the Young battery, and made by one of the largest electrical firms in Great Britain, Crompton is the standard battery with **the best Guarantee of all.**

Ask your garage for a

Crompton BATTERY

MADE BY CROMPTON PARKINSON LTD.

A Present That Provides

A LIFETIME OF INTEREST

A BOY who likes making things—and what boy doesn't?—will be thrilled to receive a Hobbies A.1 Fretwork Outfit this Christmas. With it, he will be able to make splendid models, working toys, galleons, miniature railway accessories and hundreds of articles of use in the home. For 34/6 you will give him not only a Christmas present, but also a hobby that will provide a lifetime of interest and pleasure. The A.1 outfit illustrated consists of sturdy tools in a strong box, together with an instruction book and design. Everything necessary to make a start. Another popular outfit is the Crown at 20/- and there are others from 12/6 to 62/6. Obtainable from Hobbies stockists and branches, or direct from Dereham.

HOBBIES 1955 HANDBOOK

136 pages (8 in colour) packed with over 500 illustrations—diagrams, designs of models, toys, novelties, articles for the home. Contains FREE plan of splendid Electrically Powered Working Model Tug. Price 2/- from Newsagents, or Hobbies direct 2/3d. post free.

COMPLETE OUTFIT 34/6 (post free U.K.)

To: HOBBIES LTD., Dept. 453, Dereham, Norfolk

Please send me your Free 20-page Booklet and address of nearest stockist. Also send me items I have marked thus X.

☐ 1955 Handbook, 2/3, post free
☐ A1 Fretwork Outfit, 34/6, post free
☐ Crown Fretwork Outfit, 20/-, post free

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

I enclose P.O. for .....

.....

Hobbies

POST NOW!

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

The Home Sweet Home Unforgettable Gift

GORDON No. 2
A happy thought for anyone. 30-hour alarm in Blue, Green or Ivory. Fully luminous. 23/9.

HENLEY No. 2
Fine for the nursery. 30-hour alarm with animated hen. Luminous. 26/3.

LARWOOD
Walnut finish case. 'Sectric' movement, £4.19.1 or 8-day, £5.19.6. Also in Oak finish.

ELMORA
Useful 30-hour miniature timepiece in moulded Ivory, Green or Maroon case. 37/6

RANGER
A boy's delight. Animated dial, 28/9. Also plain dial models from 23/9.

SMITHS
CLOCKS AND WATCHES
SOLD BY JEWELLERS EVERYWHERE

GUILDHALL
Miniature reproduction brass finish clock. 'Sectric' £5.19.5, or 8-day, £7.7.0.

NEW CALLBOY
Fine for father. 'Sectric' Alarm. No winding or regulating. Spot luminous 39/1. Fully luminous 42/6.

Y. 352
For fathers and sons. 5-jewel anti-magnetic shock resistant wrist watch. £3.7.6.

ABERDEEN
A special gift. 8-day pendulum timepiece or with hour and half-hour strike movement. Moulded walnut finish case. From £2.19.6.

WILLOW PATTERN
For newly-weds perhaps! 30-hour pictorial plate clock. 29/6.

LAZ. 1
Charming 7-jewel lever 8-day travel alarm. Leathercloth. Choice of 6 colours. From £4.19.6.

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., SECTRIC HOUSE, WATERLOO ROAD, LONDON, N.W.2 *The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.*